THE "B.D." 1919 MOTOR POLICY.
"Gets you Home Quickly."
In the event of a breakdown by covering the cost of reasonable towage to nearest repairer; also covers damage and loss of Car, Tyres, Lamps and Accessories through Accident and is a comprehensive cover in respect to Fire, Theft (loss of Motor Coat, etc.) Third Party Risks, Personal Accident, Medical Expenses, Mechanical Breakages, Accident to Chauffeurs, etc.
Write to-day for full particulars of the many special features of this Policy.
EAGLE STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO., LTD.
Head Office:
British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3.

APPLY FOR VICTORY LOAN—With a "J.B." Pen. Coupon on Page 11.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 684. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1919. TWOPENCE.
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Drink and enjoy
Lipton's Tea
If you want the Best Tea, go to the firm that grows it.
The Largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World.
LIPTON LTD.,
CITY RD., LONDON, E.C. 1.
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Resting, but Watchful!

MY COMPACT WITH THE PREMIER

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

VICTORY LOAN.
NELSON'S COLUMN.

The next time you send up to tell me the amount subscribed and know how much John Bull's Victory Loan has brought in . . . . . be sure and bring me a packet of
"CAVANDERS ARMY CLUB" CIGARETTES
CAVENDERS LIMITED, Glasgow and London.

For simplicity, economy and satisfaction, the 'Ever-Ready' is the best Safety Razor in the world. It is everything its name implies and

IS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

o

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

TRADE MARK FACE.

C.P.H.

The famous × 3 × Temper RADIO Blades, supplied with each 'Ever-Ready' Outfit are giving smooth clean shaves to millions of men each morning. Get an 'Ever-Ready' to-day.

5/- COMPLETE WITH SIX RADIO BLADES.

Extra Blades 2/- for 6; 4/- for 12.

'EVER-READY' SAFETY RAZOR CO. LTD., 130, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

Will You Have Good Teeth Ten Years Hence?

THE answer to that question rests upon what you do now. Intelligent care—the use of a good dentifrice—will be a big factor in making that answer affirmative.

The means—the way to good teeth is at your disposal—Gibbs Dentifrice. It is not a new preparation. It has been serving the British people for years—from childhood to advanced age.

Gibbs Dentifrice is unique. The fresh pink cake of solid goodness in its dainty aluminium box is compounded on scientific principles—to whiten the teeth, preserve the enamel, arrest decay and keep the gums healthy. It does all these things—certainly, efficiently. Nothing else is required to ensure good teeth—just Gibbs Dentifrice used twice daily. Say "Yes" for sound teeth and buy Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Price 6d. and 1/3 per box. Refills (large size only) 10d.

Every Chemist Sells Gibbs Dentifrice.

Send 4d. in stamps for generous sample box of Gibbs Toilet preparations, D. & W. GIBBS Ltd. (Dept. 413), Cold Cream Soap Works, LONDON, E.1

Gibbs Dentifrice

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM

Great Prize Competition

NO ENTRANCE FEES—OPEN TO ALL.

POSTER TITLE WANTED

£210 IN CASH PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE for a few apt words—not more than six—the fewer the better. Study the small reproduction shown below, then think out carefully what you consider would be the best title for this Poster. For instance, "Step up for a good thing" would be an appropriate title. But you can probably improve upon this. Remember, all we want is an apt and original title. A few simple, telling words will win you the prize.

1st Prize - £100
2nd Prize £25 3rd Prize £10
25 Prizes of £1 each.
50 Prizes of 10/- each.
100 Prizes of 5/- each.
178 CASH PRIZES IN ALL.

The actual Poster in Colour is 120 ins. x 80 ins. in size.
The selected title will be billed over the top line.

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM

Adams Black Jack	Adams California Fruit
Adams Chiclets	Adams Yucatan
Adams Pepsin	Adams Sen-Sen
Adams Spearmint	Beemans Pepsin

Read the conditions

No Entrance Fees. Competition open to everybody except those connected with the firm of **ADAMS & BEEMANS, Ltd.** Each entry **must** be accompanied by a complete 2½d. packet wrapper—this wrapper goes round the bundle of five sticks—of **any** of the brands of Adams Pure Chewing Gum. In the case of Adams Chiclets, send the little yellow carton.

Any number of suggestions may be sent by the same person, but **EACH** attempt must have a packet wrapper to accompany it. Write clearly each suggestion, with your name and address, on a sheet of paper the size of a postcard. Mark your envelope "Competition," and address,

ADAMS & BEEMANS, Ltd., 25, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

The Judges will be:—

Mr. Maurice E. Forwood, Competition Editor, "John Bull."
Mr. W. S. Crawford, leading British Publicity Expert.
Mr. John Hart, Advertising Manager, "London Opinion."

The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best Poster Title received; and the other prizes to those next in order of merit. They reserve the right to divide a Prize or Prizes. Their decision will be final and legally binding in all respects. Acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. No correspondence can be entered into.

Latest time for receiving entries, First post August 25th.

Result of competition will be advertised in "John Bull" and "Daily Mail" about a fortnight later.

Remember, you can use **any** Packet wrapper of the various brands of

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM.

ADAMS is the Quality Chewing Gum. A flavour for every taste. 2½d. a packet; ½d. a stick. Sold by all Sweet Shops and Chemists.

Or post free from Adams & Beemans, Ltd., 25, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C., on receipt of 2½d. in stamps.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shook them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXVI. No. 684. Week ending Saturday, July 12th, 1919. Twopence

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Peace Celebrations.
Our advice is to "go steady." We think we know something.

Paying for Patriotism.
Many readers write expressing the hope that they will not be docked a day's pay on the 19th for the privilege of celebrating Peace. Cannot the Government step in and assist?

Von Bissing.
After Lazlo, what about Von Bissing—at present disporting himself in the Isle of Man? Are the authorities out of whitewash?

Hats Off to Haig.
How splendidly Haig is fighting for his men! Both in regard to pay and pensions and rewards, he is for them all the way. A really great General.

The Committee Farce.
These Grand Committees are indeed a farce! The other day the Government was "defeated" on the question of the deportation of aliens. On the Report stage, in the House, Ministers will laugh at the Committee.

Safe Deposits.
What a lot of unclaimed wealth there must be in these Safe Depositories! We must have a go at them shortly.

Unclaimed Dividends.
Here, too, is another haul for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have before us the Balance Sheet of the Shell Transport and Trading Coy., and we notice the item: "Dividends Unclaimed, £373,489!"

The Scapa Scuttle.
What is being done about this incident? Is the Commander-to go-scot free? Says one of our readers: "I would at once have occupied Essen, cleared out the civil population, and razed that damnable place to the ground." Hear, Hear.

A False Rumour.
There is no truth in the rumour, to which the *Star* gives ironic currency, to the effect that we are now studying for the Bar with a view to taking part in the Kaiser's trial. Our contemporary forgets that it takes three years to be "called"—unless, of course, you are a Prince.

The Prince's Irony.
By the way, that was a neat piece of irony on the part of the Prince of Wales, on being made a Bencher of his Inn, speaking of having been camouflaged in wig and gown. Are not we working his Royal Highness just a little bit too much?

Our Paris Consul.
So the appointment of Mr. Maxse as Consul-General to Paris is to be "reconsidered." That means he is not going.

De Valera.
The Home Office thinks it has no power to compel America to send de Valera back. Let it, then, try and induce Mr. Wilson to keep him "over there."

Robey's Baby.
We gather that Mr. Robey's youngest child, now in the throes of teething, has been named Horatio Bottomley Haig Robey. What a responsibility to put upon a youngster's shoulders!

HAVE A DIP
in
OUR
LUCKY BAG.
See page 8.

Beer.
So we are to have more of it—and, let us hope, a better quality. We agree with Elinor Mordaunt, when in "The Pendulum" she says "Drink to the labouring man . . . is what foreign travel, big game shooting, amorous adventure, is to the leisured classes."

Exit Lord D'Abernon.
And the Liquor Control Board is to go! But why set up a Commission? Hands off the working man's beer!

The Film Trade.
We are glad to see the trade waking up; and if the Government will only cease to harass it, American film producers will not be allowed to scoop the pool.

Obstructing the Traffic.
Here is an extract from the dramatic notes of the weekly *Sketch*, apropos of the opera season: "The queue of distinguished traffic sticks out into Long Acre of an evening and gets entangled with the procession of late callers to the JOHN BULL offices on their way to lay the grievances of the English-speaking race on the knees of Mr. Bottomley." There's many a true word written in jest.

Our Cover.
Have you noticed that Mr. John Bull and his dog have changed their attitude, and are now "resting, but watchful"?

Aliens' Letters.
So it appears that Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, the tourist agents, are authorised by the War Office to transmit letters to enemy countries.

A Visiting Card.
This is the visiting card which was sent in to one of our readers the other day: "Mr. Hubert Cross (late Charles Kloss)." What a happy land is England!

A Dialogue (Overheard).
AMERICAN SOLDIER: You must admit we won the war.
BRITISH TOMMY: Perhaps so—but who did the blinking fighting?

Rose Day.
We should like to know who was responsible for ordering the troops at the Basing Road Barracks at Peckham to remove the roses they had purchased on Queen Alexandra's Day.

Hyde Park Orators.
"Are the mothers, sisters and widows of men who have given their lives to save us, to stand in Hyde Park and listen to speeches of aliens and revolutionists?" What says Mr. Shortt?

"St. George."
We have made a terrible discovery—nothing less, in fact, than that England's patron saint was a terrible profiteer, making a large fortune by supplying inferior bacon to the Roman legions—and ultimately, for his sins, being thrown into prison and, later, hurled into the sea and drowned. Will history repeat itself?

A Poor Editor.
We are sorry to hear that, under suspicion of having conveyed information to us, Mr. Fenner Brockway has been dismissed from the position of Editor of the *Labour Leader*; and that, after having been confined for three years as a Conscientious Objector, our brother of the pen is now "wandering about the country homeless, and subsisting on the charity of his friends." As a matter of fact, we have never had any relations with him, directly or indirectly, but we should be glad to give him a helping hand, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory state of his conscience.

Local Limericks.

A Marquis, who's well-known in Dover,
On his wedding day trembled all over,
For a wire came that said
He'd already been wed,
But he hadn't ; so now he's in clover !

A Broken Pledge.

The Army Council promised that in Government offices preference should be given to the men who did. In Ireland, at least, this promise is not kept. Government offices still encourage men who did nothing, a great number of them being avowedly disloyal. It is galling for an ex-soldier to find promotion given to a Sinn Feiner, whose only qualification is that he has kept his office stool warm during the years the other man was fighting. That is not the way to keep a promise.

Welcome, but No Work.

When the 1st Wilts marched through the Cathedral City on June 6th the Corporation of Salisbury gave the Regiment a great reception, but when it was a case of choosing between a civilian and an ex-Wilts soldier for the appointment of third Sergeant-at-Mace, the Council Chamber and Monuments Committee passed the soldier by. Flags and shoutings in the streets are all very fine, but practical appreciation of what our fighting men have done for us is more to the purpose in these hard times.

Stale Bread.

Why do the Ministry of Food still insist on foisting stale bread upon the public ? During the war the people suffered bread that was not only stale but vile ; and it is at his peril, even with the Peace signed, that a baker sells bread under 12 hours old. Some Magistrates, as at Ipswich recently, are inflicting harsh penalties in such cases. There is no doubt about the public demand for new bread, and that—particularly in the summer—the 12-hour-old variety soon becomes so dry that much of it is thrown away. Stale bread was a war infliction ; to be compelled to eat it now is a peace tyranny.

The College Cachet.

It has always been a disgrace in the public service that men are debarred from any first-class promotion if their parents have not provided them with a University education. No matter how clever the man, no matter if his services would be in the highest degree valuable to the State, he is compelled to remain in a subordinate office if he cannot assume the college "haw-haw." It is a class distinction peculiarly obnoxious, but it has long ruled the roast in every Government Department. A fool from a "Varsity" may be pushed to the top of the tree ; a genius without that badge is counted a nobody. It must be altered.

"Not Likely."

More than one Colliery Manager has told us that the reduced output is largely due to the demand on the miner for income tax. He kicks against paying what everybody else pays without kicking. A collier Glasgow way tells us another story. He says the owner won't pay him for as many tons of coal as he can get, irrespective of what wages he makes. "A miner," says he, "is not going to produce, say, eight tons of coal for the same wages as he would get for producing six tons ; not likely." Therefore he produces only as many tons as gives him the "wage" he is able to make. One miner may not speak for all ; but it must be said for this one that he does not hide his light.

Glorious Beer.

With net profits on the year of £366,484, it is natural that Mr. E. W. Giffard, the Chairman of Barclay Perkins and Co., should think so highly of beer as a national drink ; the Company, as many others, have done so well out of water.

Boys, Girls—and Men.

Two small items in a Glasgow newspaper make a neat comparison. One states that, in the cotton industry, boys of 17 earn £4 a week ; girls of the same age, £2 10s. And on another page is this advert. :—"Man, able to pack and assist in warehouse. Wages 30s. British Hair Co., 164, Trongate, Glasgow." Will the Company keep its British hair on if we inquire whether this means 30s. a day, or per week ?

"TRICKING THE DIVORCE COURT."
See page 6.

Leicester's Little Lot.

Herr Ramsay von Mac. will be charmed to hear that Wycliffe Congregational Church, in his late constituency of Leicester, has passed a resolution denouncing the peace terms as "a gross violation of the Christian spirit." From what we can hear, said congregation largely consists of Conchies, many of the young ones having done their "bit" at Dartmoor and Wormwood Scrubs during the war.

South Western Slows.

On the South Western line, between London and Guildford and Woking, the management have evidently gone sleepy—they have not run even one alleged fast morning train to scheduled time for the last three months. Reminds us of the corpse who was so disgusted with the pace at which he was being driven to the cemetery that he left his coffin in the hearse, jumped up on the front seat, and took the reins from the horrified and startled driver.

Cleethorpes Decency.

This is one of those cases which make us want to assault with a thick club the person responsible. A number of ladies who were bathing in the sea down at Cleethorpes were considered by the Foreshore Inspector to have overstayed the bathing time. As ladies do not commonly carry their wrist watches when bathing, this may possibly be true. But what do you think the blackguard did ? He turned the ladies' clothing out of the dressing pavilions and left them to dress where and how they could, in front of hundreds of visitors. The local paper, the *Grimsby Telegraph*, thought this was great fun. Strange to say, we disagree. We think it was damnable.

Stopped from Starting.

"The cry is, 'Still they come !'"—those cases of the demobilised barred from work by the Unions, against which Sir Douglas Haig has joined in protest. Here is a Liverpool man who, after a long look for employment, was offered it as steward aboard a ship. He was not permitted to take it, not belonging to the Union. And they will not admit him to membership, because he had not been to sea before he put in 4½ years' soldiering. "I should like to know," he asks, "how I am to make a fresh start after doing my bit ?" It is a question we should like that Union to study, for there is no bar to his fresh start but it.

"No Munitionettes."

"Two all round Barmaids and Cook-General—top wages—no munitionettes need apply," ran a recent advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser*, concluding with an invitation to apply at the "Boot," 47, Wells Street, Oxford Circus. Surely the girls who were good enough to make shells for the guns that beat the Huns are also good enough to pass glasses of Government swipes over the bar at the "Boot."

Shelter in Scotland.

Scotland's housing trouble is as bad as England's. Says an Aberdeen man, recently demobilised, "I was thankful to get one room for £1 a week." From Greenock a reader tells of sleeping four in a bed, and continues, "When the wife gets in a bag of coal, I have to go out to lodgings." Another tenant being turned out for owing three months' rent, this humorist was offered the extra accommodation if he would pay the money due. He saved the cash.

When the Hun Laughs.

It seems that trading with the enemy is quite in order now, if done by a Government Department. The Ministry of Food (Oils and Fats) admits having sold to Germany 25,000 tons of linseed oil, and numerous tons of rape oil, dripping, and frying fat. All these commodities are badly needed at home, and prices of household goods go up alarmingly because of their scarcity. The Hun gets what we want. He must smile all over his evil face when our fools feed him and starve us.

Parsonified Profits.

In a recent issue we referred to the fact that the Rev. H. G. Reynolds had "generously" given £2,000 towards a war memorial at Felixstowe, money which he admits is "the profit he had made during the war out of comforts and necessaries supplied to soldiers of the Bedfordshire Regiment." An R.E. officer now suggests that as the rev. gentleman made the money out of the Bedfordshire Regiment he ought to return it to the Bedfordshire Regiment. Come to think of it, that does seem the ethics of adequate restitution.

Royal St. Anne's Schools.

What a pity it is that the Royal St. Anne's Schools at Redhill, founded "for the children of those once in prosperity, orphans or not," have had to be closed on account of lack of funds ! The Schools really deserve a place in the thought of those in a position to help. Out of more than 300 old boys, 60 have given their lives in the war. That the schools have now to be closed seems almost like an outrage on their memory. If money is forthcoming the schools can be re-opened next term. The Hon. Treasurer is Mr. Arthur Trower, "Wiggie," Redhill.

Voice of the Just.

The love-your-enemies crowd—the Parmoor, Minifie, Garvie, Buxton, Ellis fellowship who thronged the peace-at-any-price platform in Cecil Hall, Enfield—must have felt almost as if a bomb had dropped among them when Mr. W. E. Hill, the Labour Candidate, rose to speak. By all accounts, he was invited to the meeting without knowing what it was about. Having heard a few of the speeches, he wasn't in doubt at all. He spoke out with fine courage and even finer patriotism. "He was not there," he said, among other things, "to belittle their own land or their splendid men, nor was he there to whitewash Germany or Austria." That shot got right home.

Local Limericks.

There was joy in Hayes (Middlesex) when
They gave three pounds a week to the men
Who work on the roads,
But the poor clerk it goads
To shoulder the broom and drop pen.

The Almighty Dollar.

America is well after the pool. Her latest idea is to flood the British Isles with multiple shops—selling, to start with, groceries, provisions, confectionery, and tobacco. We shall expect our own "combines" to put up a big fight, and we remember the Americans received a K.O. when they tried to collar the British tobacco trade.

"Rings on Her Fingers."

After three years in the danger building at Woolwich, a worker moved on to the Ministry of Munitions. In consequence of the reduction of staff, he is now discharged. That is annoying enough, but the most irritating thing to a family man is to note the kind of people whose services, such as they may be, are retained. It includes numerous married women who do not need the money. And the complainant adds this forceful picture:—"One of them wears a hundred pounds' worth of rings on her fingers. *I've had to pawn mine!*"

Clerkage, &c.

We have discovered why railway companies deduct one level shilling when refunding money. It's for "Clerkage, &c." The Midland Railway says so, and states the deduction is made "by order of the Railway Executive Committee acting on behalf of the Government." One man paid 3s. 9d. because he could not find his ticket. He discovered it before reaching St. Pancras, and handed it in at once. But "clerkage, &c." was deducted all the same.

Sweating the Soldier.

Smith, of Greenhills, Drogheda, has a nice sense of what is due to the men who have served. He, she—or shall we say It?—recently inserted the following advertisement:—

> WANTED, Demobilised Soldier (Protestant), single; artillery man preferred; must ride and drive, understand care of horse; very clean and respectable; milk, mow, generally useful; £26 per annum (inside) all found except washing.

Ten shillings a week to spend in riotous living in Drogheda! Can one imagine a more splendid reward for a gunner who has gasped and sweated at the breech under the poisonous fire of the Huns? Surely not. It is the modern way of saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

On the Make Haste.

Sometimes the working-class will prey on its own kind. Here is a woman of Saltcoats who has rooms to let for the Glasgow Holiday Fortnight, and her terms are nobbly ones. For a kitchen, two beds, couch, and scullery, £8; for one room, two beds, £6. The profiteers at the top have set a bad example, and the humbler fry are copying it with a vengeance.

Men who Mustn't Work.

A young man who lost a leg through an injury in a coal mine, was for years compelled to exist on his compensation award of 14s. weekly. Since September, 1917, there has been an increase or bonus of 25 per cent. of the amount. All the same, high prices still keep him "clemmed." The cruel part is that he dare not do a stroke of work, for that would entail reduction or loss of his allowance. It seems high time that a man so situated should be permitted to earn a little, instead of existing, in part, on the charity of relations.

Sweets and Bitters.

Notwithstanding that confectionery manufacturers are still making the fattest of fat profits, some of them are by no means eager to pay their older girl employees fair wages. For instance, those on piece-work in a Glasgow factory—with several years' experience—"come out with 7s. and even less as three days' wages." They sit at a table from morning till night and never lose a minute, and this is their reward. "Every factory you go to they only want girls from school, so they can pay smaller wages." We don't know what such firms think of themselves, but our opinion of them is too shocking to mention.

The Eternal Feminine.

The Exeter Board of Guardians, having appointed a lady as Assistant Clerk, instead of an ex-Service man who would have been glad of the berth, are—some of them—proud of their misdoing. When the Local Government Board wrote to question the appointment, one member, Mr. Munro, vowed he was prepared to draw a cheque for the female's salary at once. That was as much as to hint that the L.G.B. might go to Hades. The Chairman acknowledged he had canvassed lady Guardians to come and vote for the female Clerk, and said he was proud of having done so. It's a poor thing to be proud of.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: 90
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Fourpence for Ninepence.

"Prevent the injustice of the Insurance Act!" we are urged. The sufferer is a lonely woman, without friends in London, who has paid her own 6d. a week for years because her employer objected to pay his share of the stamp. She is now ill, and the rest of her story is like a problem in arithmetic:—"Insurance pay, 7s. 6d.; rent of room, 8s. How is she to balance accounts?" The fruit is rare enough, but not refreshing.

Grin and Bear It.

That was a sweet jest of Admiral Tyrwhitt's on being presented with the freedom of Ipswich. Reminding his audience of Napoleon's sneer that the British were a nation of shopkeepers, he said we had learned all the mysteries of modern warfare; and now, instead of charging over the top, we were charging with renewed energy over the counter. And as usual, he might have added, there is nobody who can stop the charges.

"Fill Up a Form" Again.

The Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour is causing much heart-burning among the officers it was designed to assist. All that it finds them to do is the filling up of forms. Advice costs nothing, they say, but they do not get even that cheap commodity. They fill their forms, wait weary weeks and months, and then apply again. The response is another form to fill. It is some satisfaction to know that the Department has not run out of forms, but officers would like some consolation beyond that knowledge. Is there nobody in the Department competent to arouse the staff from its comatose condition?

The Woman at the "Case."

Not only are our demobilised soldiers suffering in consequence of the muddles, incompetence, and delays of the War Pensions and Labour Ministries, but they are not getting a square deal from the employers of labour in many instances. Such advertisements as the following are a disgrace to the firms who insert them:—

> OPPORTUNITY occurs for intelligent young women to become compositors in City printing works; wages while learning £1 per week, increasing to 50s. and upwards as proficient.

There are large numbers of ex-Service men, compositors by trade, out of work to-day, and it is shameful that their chances of employment should be lessened in this manner.

Had Your Holiday Yet?

If not, win one of the "Bullets" Holiday Prizes offered on page 20.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

No wonder David's feeling rotten,
To see return what he'd forgotten!

"Duggie's" remonstrances are vain;
They'll only fall asleep again!

To the brave Lads o' London Town
The City's gratitude is shown.

All praise to the agile Mam'sell,
Before whose strokes our champions fell!

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Henry Thomas, Esq., Chairman, Brighton Guardians.

DEAR MR. CHAIRMAN,—The other day your Board put their Clerk's salary up to £500 from January last, without asking him to forgo his claim to war bonus, and proceeded to sneer at the rest of the staff for daring to ask for a rise. The Board then went on to talk about Government extravagance, and so in the end the petition of the staff was adjourned for a month. I am not to suppose that the Clerk grinned—or blushed. He is not paid to have a sense of humour. JOHN BULL.

To George Lansbury, Esq., Editor, "Daily Herald."

DEAR GEORGE,—When you passed for publication the letter of Florence Rose, in which we are implored to remember the sufferings of the Germans in the war—the loss "of the pride and flower of her manhood"; the sufferings caused by "that brutal weapon," the blockade; the hardships endured by German prisoners in England from confinement and *underfeeding* (at Donington Hall), and so on—you must have been convulsed with internal laughter. But, speaking seriously, such twaddle ought not to be printed, even in the *Daily Herald*. JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Mayor of Nottingham.

DEAR LORD MAYOR,—Whenever I have heard Nottingham spoken of, it has always been as a "clean" town; I now read in one of your local papers that it is filthy. A resident more fully explains matters to me. According to him, most of the smaller houses and a large number of the middle-sized ones have pail sanitary arrangements. "Very often the night-soil men empty one pail into another, leaving a filthy pail behind for the ensuing week's use, and a lot of filth in the back yard." This is a disgusting system; and with the town's rates considerably higher than most places of its size, it is surely the duty of the City Council to put an end to it, for it will remain as a disgrace to them until they do.
JOHN BULL.

To J. H. Morkill, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Leeds West Riding Court.

DEAR JUSTICE,—Why on earth did you fine two Horsforth youths £5 apiece for stealing rabbits from a hutch, and say they were lucky not to find themselves committed to prison, when you had just fined a motor mechanic and a labourer only 40s. apiece for stealing harness from a field? It can't be because the police-sergeant said the lads had been impertinent at the police station. What *was* the reason, learned sir? JOHN BULL.

To Sir H. Rogers, Chairman, Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham.

DEAR SIR HALLEWELL,—I am very glad to learn from a disabled soldier that your Company is setting an example to other employers which is, unfortunately, only too much needed. Men who have served you are freely taken back, although in some cases there is hardly work enough in their departments, whilst you have been ready and willing all along to give the disabled light jobs at a living wage. The reputation of the B.S.A. goods has always been of the highest; you may rely that it will not be impaired by these war heroes. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rochdale, Beechwood, Rochdale.

MY LORD,—You have been convicted at Middleton of such shocking cruelty to your dog, on the clearest evidence and your own admission, that the question arises whether the fine of £5, with ten guineas costs, is adequate punishment. Because the dog would not answer your call on the golf links, you not only held it by the tail while you beat it on the head with a wooden club, but, on being remonstrated with, dropped the club, "and, selecting a short iron putter, proceeded to rain a number of blows on the dog's head and sides with it," asserting at the same time that it was yours and you were entitled to do as you liked. I cannot understand so gallant a British officer making so astounding a claim. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Henry Lunn, Chairman, Alpine Sports, Ltd., Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—Apropos of the tours over the battlefields, particulars of which your Company is now advertising, thus a Hounslow lady: "Being a mother who has lost a dear son early in the war, I feel that the battlefields should be kept sacred for a time at least, and you will agree that those who have lost their beloved are entitled to go first—not those intent on making a mere holiday." The desecration of this holy ground by hordes of pleasure seekers paying a few guineas for a "'appy 'oliday" is an unspeakable outrage. JOHN BULL.

To H. W. Fovargue, Esq., Town Clerk, Eastbourne.

DEAR CLERK,—I notice that the Ministry of Pensions have agreed to your retention, as a temporary measure of the salaried post of Secretary to the War Pensions Committee, but that when you cease work preference should be given to ex-Service men. As I have already pointed out, you at least ought to have enough to do to occupy your official time without retaining at £100 a year the oversight of a job where the bulk of the work is done by your assistant at £225 a year. Don't you think, however, that you would the better consult your dignity if you made room at once for an ex-Service man? JOHN BULL.

To Sir Stephen Collins, Peace Celebrations Committee, Tring.

DEAR SIR STEPHEN,—I find from the record of the proceedings of the Tring Peace Celebrations Committee that returned soldiers are to be asked to organise a gymkhana in the Park. It was a reasonable proposal on the part of Mr. E. Mills that "a canteen be erected for the use of the returned men only, and that each man be given tickets for two pints of beer," but on your amendment the beer was omitted and the men will now celebrate the Peace on tea and pop. It is insulting them as being incapable of sobriety. The Committee could have given the teetotal men their pop without depriving the temperate majority of their beer. JOHN BULL.

FIXING A FRAUD.

INTERESTING SEQUEL TO "JOHN BULL" EXPOSURE.

A very remarkable commentary upon our disclosures with regard to the boxing "crook" Jack Johnson, is contained in the exhibition of incompetency on the part of his "victor," Jess Willard, when he met Jack Dempsey the other day—a display which must have astonished anyone unacquainted with our exposure. Following articles in which we brought to light the negro's tricks in regard to his fight with Moran a year before, in July, 1915, we published a further strong criticism of his methods, in which we reproduced a couple of cables, the first dispatched by him from London on the 9th of the preceding month, and reading:

> *You signed contract to pay me fifty-thousand dollars to lay down to Willard, which I did. You never kept your promise, I did. Now you must pay according to contract. Litigate all you like. I will put my case before any Court and Press in the world.*

This confession of fraud was followed two days later by another interesting wire, which ran:

> *Blackmail proposition ridiculous. Want payment first money taken. Willard as fighter, Joke. If you confidence his ability to beat me will bet twenty-five thousand. Winner take all and purse money.*

It is not surprising that when, last week, he faced Dempsey, Willard, the dummy "heavy weight champion of the world," was practically beaten by the first blow—the crowd crying, "Stop it, stop it; it's murder!" Johnson issued a writ against us for libel—and dropped his action. No wonder!

FEEDING THE BRUTE.

KILLING CRUELTY WITH KINDNESS AT PLYMOUTH.

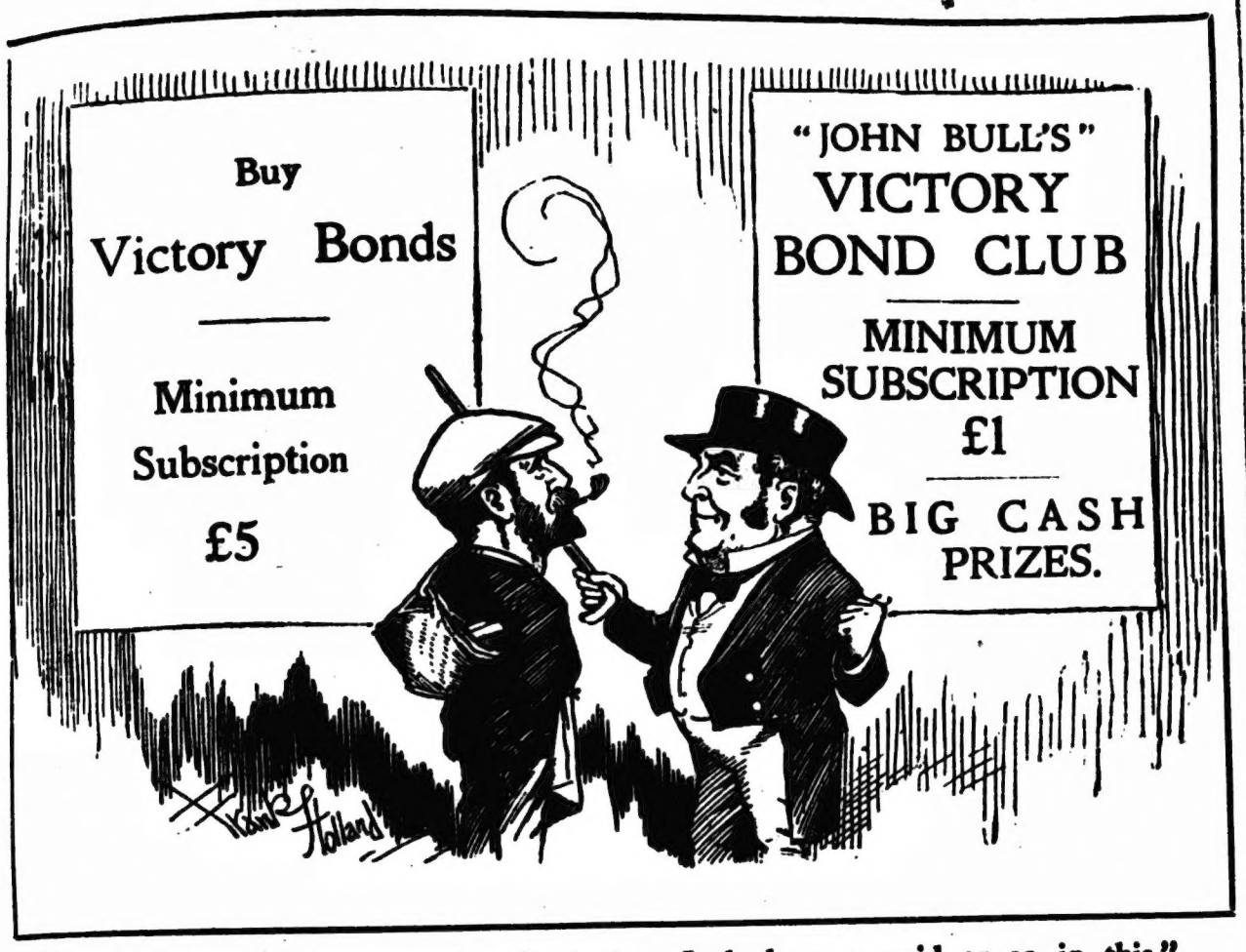
The baby was 16 months old—no more! The devilish step-father said it could "nearly speak." Its one terrible fault was that it cried—and no wonder! The man is of an extremely violent temper. And so, when the infant cries, he beats it—black and blue. It was alleged that he did it with a buckle strap, and the Relieving Officer is convinced that such a weapon caused the large black weals which encircled the poor little body. But the man Ward, indignant at this accusation, says that he beat the baby only with his hands, and struck it in the face! Neighbours who heard the child scream went to the house and tried to get Ward to cease the torture, and one fine chap, Moran, told him that if he didn't stop he'd be treated in the same way. But nothing seemed to have any effect on Ward. Well, the case came into Court and the Plymouth Bench took a serious view of it—a very serious view indeed. The kind gentlemen couldn't understand a man treating a baby so brutally. It was very, very cruel. You can imagine that at that Ward looked glum and expected a month's hard labour at the least. But no! The Plymouth Bench never want to be cruel themselves, and so they fined the blackguard £3 or eleven days' imprisonment. Nothing is said about the poor infant. We presume that Ward will go back and calculate how long he must save up to be ready for the next fine. Our best hope rests with Moran. Not so very far away, at Crown Hill Petty Sessions, a woman was recently also fined £3—for allowing her dog to go out without a muzzle. Oh, Lord!

WORKING THE ORACLE.

ARUNDEL BOROUGH COUNCIL AND ITS PET.

Arundel is a lovely and historic little town, and its Borough Council have just perpetuated an equally lovely little job which should also become historic. Mr. George Gates was rather a pet of some of the Councillors, and he held the post of Surveyor before the war. He attested under the Derby scheme, but never joined up, in consequence of appeals. Then, so that the services of this fit young man should not be lost to the Army, a gentleman came forward to take on the surveyorship. Gates missed that chance of doing his bit, for he became Surveyor under the Road Board, and still "indispensable." Bringing the story down to recent date, after war had ceased we find Arundel Council advertising for a Surveyor. It might just as well have saved the town the expense. There were 30 applicants, reduced to four, one being Gates, the three others having to journey from long distances to be interviewed. A Councillor had the nerve to point out that one of the three had not stated why he had not served in the Army, and it was resolved to ask him! Nobody thought it necessary to put the question to Gates. Of course he has been appointed—that is the inevitable end of such a lamentable piece of jobbery. There is much feeling in Arundel town over this matter, and it is not surprising. At one time, Gates was Rate-collector, but the good people objected to the visits of a collector who so obviously should have undertaken other duties. It looks like a job from beginning to end, worked by Councillors who mis-represent the town.

AN ALTERNATIVE INVESTMENT.



JOHN BULL :—"If you can't afford that, Jack, have a quid or so in this."

(See page 8.)

SOUTH WESTERN AND GREAT WESTERN

DOLEFUL TALES OF TWO RAILWAYMEN

Recently an old man left the service of the London and South Western Railway after more than 49 years labour for it. He was granted the miserable pension of 8s. a week. Now the Company have ordered him to apply for an Old Age Pension, for he will be 70 in a few days' time. They graciously inform him that, as the Directors "do not wish your present income to be reduced," "it is their intention to allow you such a sum as will with the pension which may be granted by the State make up the amount which you would receive from the Company." So, when the veteran succeeds in getting his 7s. 6d. a week, the L. & S.W.R. Co. generously hand him 6d. on pay-day. Thus do a Railway Company cast their burden—even so tiny a one—on the State, justifying their incredible meanness on the ground that, as taxpayers, the Company bear their share of the cost of providing Old Age Pensions. Sixpence a week for over 49 years' faithful service! Can you wonder at workmen's discontent?

The other story comes from a Cornish village, on the Great Western. A man worked for that Company for 11 years and five months before the war. Unfortunately, his wife died, leaving young children. The father, having to be at work, found it difficult to attend properly to the little ones. He made several arrangements with women-housekeepers, but the result was unsatisfactory. He received a month's imprisonment for neglecting the children, but declares the fault was not his. Be that as it may, the man has made good. He has fought for years in France, has re-married, and has at his own cost enlarged his cottage so as to have his five children at home again. He has cleaned his slate, but the Great Western will not re-instate him as platelayer, working near his home. The Labour Bureau wants to send him far away to work for lower wages, on which he would have to keep two homes going. If ever anybody deserved another chance, surely he does. We appeal to the Great Western to give it him.

A STRAIN ON LOYALTY.

MULCTED FOR CELEBRATING KING'S BIRTHDAY.

Should anybody celebrate the King's birthday by taking a holiday when he can't afford it? It is an old question, and as of old the answer is in the negative. Adverting to our remarks on the King's birthday and clerks at the docks, a dock labourer makes his own with unanswerable force and arresting humour. He says that not only clerks, but all stevedores and dock labourers were given a holiday to celebrate His Majesty's birthday. In fact, notices were placed all over the docks that work would be closed down from Monday until Wednesday. "Needless to say, we are not paid for that day. We are only working two or three days a week. Our money amounts to 13s. 9d. from 8 to 5; if working until 7 p.m. it is 19s. 7½d. So to celebrate the King's birthday we were losers to this amount. There are plenty of men in the docks who never want a holiday and never have one. After working hard all day they are almost afraid to seek rest at night in case they should fail to wake up in time for the call-on next morning. For my part I certainly do not take a holiday on my own birthday if I can go to work, and to be given a holiday to celebrate the King's birthday at my own expense is a bit rough." Certainly it is; and the King would be the first to admit it and deprecate it, though it is evident the Port of London Authority won't. We wonder whether Lord Devonport, Chairman of the P.L.A., celebrated the King's birthday by docking himself a day's salary? We hae oor doots.

By the way, His Majesty would doubtless be surprised to learn that in certain Government offices a similar hardship is inflicted on the staff with less than six months' service on the occasion of the Royal Birthday. Why should this unnecessary strain upon loyalty be imposed upon workers, the majority of whom are ex-Service men? They should receive their day's pay, if only to enable them to drink the King's health in fitting fashion—as, indeed, we are sure His Majesty would wish them to do.

THE PULL ON THE OATS.

QUEER BUSINESS DOING IN THE GRAIN TRADE.

From Scottish reports, there is queer business afoot in the grain trade. The bulk of Scottish grain is going abroad, and most English as well. The markets are empty. The Government price of British oats is 51s. 6d. a quarter, but their price for American oats is 60s. per quarter. The reply of a certain Scotch firm to inquiries is: "Practically everything is being shipped abroad, at prices which we dare not ask in this country." The grain trade is not one of our specialities, but it does seem to us a queer and even mysterious stunt that the Ministry of Whatsitsname should be pushing on to us American oats and shipping British abroad. Our informant tells us that he has seen a sample of American oats offered at 65s. 10½d. a quarter to buyers, the controlled price of English and Scotch being 52s.—and none to be had for money. "In pre-war times," he says, "I have sold the same class of American oats at 18s. per quarter." Who, then, is getting the pull?

"CONSCIENCE" AND CHEEK.

AMAZING APPLICATION OF AN EX-PRISONER.

The cowardice of the Object is occasionally equalled by his consummate cheek. It certainly was so in the case of A. E. Newman, formerly an assistant teacher at Greenbank Boys' School, Bristol, who lately applied to the Bristol Education Committee for re-instatement. In the course of his letter he said: "Having appealed to the Bristol Military Tribunal as a 'Conscientious Objector,' my convictions were declared genuine, and I was offered alternative service. My claim, however, that teaching was work of supreme national importance was unrecognised, and as a consequence I have been in prison continuously since September, 1916. Feeling that I can best serve the community by engaging in the scholastic profession, and as I am now 'discharged from the Army' without further obligation, I desire now to again enter upon work of creative activity." Teaching *is* work of supreme national importance, but the teaching by Conscientious Objectors is a supreme national danger. We are glad to say that this "Object's" audacious application was thrown out by 20 votes to 2. He will be obliged to display his "creative activity" in some place other than Bristol.

"BLIGHTY" WITH A VENGEANCE.

NUNEATON'S SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

When Vincent Harold Bowler came home from serving in the Navy, he found his mother and his little brother and sister living in a stable. The extraordinary fellow is angry; we wonder why! He says he's been fighting for England; and he says that if this is the best that England can do in return for his family, he'll be——! But then Naval men are so violent, you know. However, the townsfolk think the same as the sailor. They do not consider it just and kind that a widowed mother, with a girl of thirteen and a boy of six, should be compelled to sleep, wash and have their meals in that one room, not to mention a boy of sixteen who has his meals with them but sleeps in a neighbour's house for sheer decency's sake. There are two other boys of nineteen and eighteen—the sailor is one of them—who used to help their widowed mother, but now that she can't get a house they have to lodge elsewhere—and so that money's gone. Mrs. Bowler used to have four rooms at No. 1, Croft Road, but though she paid her rent regularly she was kicked out on May 28th and her furniture was stood in the yard. After the dust-up an official from the Nuneaton Council visited the stable and made a huge discovery, namely, that the place is not fit for human habitation. Marvellous man! Will the Council now turn the widow and her children out into the street—we wonder!

TRICKING THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE CASE OF COL. WEDGWOOD, M.P.—STORY OF HOW TO BE SINGLE THOUGH GUILTLESS.

BY CHARLES PALMER.

SUFFICIENT attention has not been devoted to the case of Col. Wedgwood, M.P., and his impudent revelation of the collusion which gained for him his divorce. I am not seeking to criticise his conduct in any petty or personal spirit. I know the gallant Colonel, and have always admired his courage and independence. But as a matter of public policy I deplore his callous admission of a conspiracy to trick the Divorce Court and outwit the law; although I am quite ready to sympathise with him in the fact that the laws of divorce would have prevented him marrying again if, like any ordinary citizen who does not happen to be an M.P., he had obeyed the law instead of successfully riding the coach of collusion through it.

What is the truth? If Col. Wedgwood is to be believed, having obtained his divorce, he is not prepared to pay the price. Being an M.P., he has some public reputation to consider. Other M.P.s—even when unto death, like Sir . Dilke, protesting their innocence, or like Charles Stewart Parnell, who ruined his career and his Party through the Divorce Court—have been compelled to suffer the consequences of the verdict. Not so Col. Wedgwood. He had ceased, from, I am ready to assume, no fault of his own, to be a husband in the full sense of the word. "She is one of those who believe that to live with a man you do not love is prostitution, and we separated." He wanted to marry again and so he acted these lies. First there was the pretence that it was he who had refused marital relations, and so there was the farce in the Court of an Order against him for the restitution of conjugal rights when he knew, and his wife knew, that the denial of those rights arose from her change of feeling.

Who—reading the letters by which Mr. Justice McCardie was deceived into granting the wife a Restitution Order, and counsel was given a lying brief by the wife's solicitor, Mr. Percy R. Gibbs—acting, of course, upon instructions—could have believed that both were wilful concoctions? Here they are, compiled in May, 1917:

Tilmore Hut, Petersfield, Hants.

Dear Josiah,—We have been living apart now for nearly four years and I feel that it is not only a very painful and lonely position for myself at my age and after many years of joint married life, but that it is also very bad for our children, especially the younger ones, that things should go on as they are. For the sake of their future and for the benefit of us all I do therefore earnestly beg you to assist me in again building up a secure and happy home-life for them, and to take the first step towards it by returning to live with me.—Believe me, my dear Josiah, always yours affectionately, ETHEL WEDGWOOD.

That is the lying letter of a supposedly injured wife. In reply the respondent wrote:

Beaufort House, Chelsea.

Dear Ethel,—It is useless. I have thought over it very carefully and I really cannot return to live with you and remake again a joint home. In four long years the affections change and habits become fixed. I shall never lose the respect you inspired in me, but the old love is dead, and I shall not attempt to revive it. This is my final decision.—Sincerely, JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.

Then when he had pretended to decline to obey an Order which should have been made against his wife—if there was really one law for the man and the woman in England—he indulged in another piece of trickery—the pretence of staying with a woman at an hotel.

So we arrive at this pretty denouement: Col. Wedgwood is adjudged guilty of deliberate desertion and adultry and when in due course the trickery and collusion have succeeded in deceiving the Court and the *decree nisi* is made absolute, the member for Newcastle "blows the gaff." Why? Because some honest people had believed in his word—or, if it be more accurate, had not suspected him of acting lies—and had treated him for all the world as if he had been a man who deserted his wife and children and found "consolation" with another woman. If two Judges had not been tricked into believing it, the hon. and gallant gentleman would have been compelled to endure what thousands of decent citizens, because of the cruelty of our Divorce Laws, are enduring to-day—the pains and penalties of marriage without love, without respect and often with hate in the heart. For Col. Wedgwood to complain that the world took him at an estimate he deliberately conspired to place upon himself for his own personal end, is childish and unworthy. He cannot have it both ways. He set himself out to trick the law and to secure the way to another marriage by pretending he was an unworthy and an inconstant husband. His ruse succeeded; he is duly declared to be the man he posed as being, and so soon as there is no chance of the King's Proctor intervening he writes a revealing—and I must frankly say a not very manly—letter in regard to his bogus adultery. "It is not," he says, "exactly a festive occasion when you are carefully providing evidence to end a happy married life," which, if it means anything, means that Col. Wedgwood did not want the divorce that was in some mysterious way thrust upon him. But it is not for him to complain if people "immediately jumped to the conclusion that the member for Newcastle was a thorough bad lot, and smacked their lips over 'guilty of adultery.'"

We all deplore the injustice and the absurdity of our Divorce Laws; and if I were a member of Parliament, instead of engaging in an unlawful conspiracy to trick the law, I should be foremost in a legitimate agitation to get it altered. There never was a time when respect for the law was more needed. There are those who would make laws to suit their own convenience and who are only too ready to deride and override the authority of Parliament. It is at such a time that we look first of all to those who make the laws to respect them. Let us hope that the case of Col. Wedgwood will bring the whole matter to an issue and result in speedy reform.

A SCANDALOUS EVASION.

DIDDLING A MAN OUT OF THREEPENCE A DAY.

Owing to a shortage of Government tools, carpenters employed in the R.N.A.S. at the Felixstowe Seaplane Base who were able to provide their own were granted 3d. per day "tool money." The man whose particular grievance we are at present dealing with joined the R.N.A.S. on Nov. 9th, 1916, and was transferred to the R.A.F. on April 1st, 1918. During this period the "tool money" was not paid to him, but he received an assurance that it would be included in his demobilisation account. Demobilised in February last, this victim of muddle or meanness found to his surprise that the expected "tool money" for 508 days was not credited to him in his "final account." After writing repeatedly to the Central Pay Office, R.A.F., Woking, to no effect, he at last received a letter from Capt. L. Johnson stating: "Tool Money has been cancelled. As it is not issued now, I am unable to credit you with same. This allowance was only payable in the R.N.A.S., not in the R.A.F." Such an argument is absurd, since the R.A.F. absorbed the R.N.A.S. Moreover, the complainant had been promised the allowance on demobilisation, and is claiming only for the period he served in the R.N.A.S., in which force, on Capt. Johnson's own admission, "tool money" was an authorised allowance. It may be merely a muddle, but it savours very much of a scandalous evasion, or attempt on the part of a great arm of the Service to diddle a former employee out of a paltry threepence a day.

TWO SENTENCES.

DIFFERING VALUES OF MONEY AND MORALITY.

The two sentences were pronounced at the Barrow Police Court on one and the self-same day. In the first case a man pleaded guilty to embezzling £11 from his firm. He received the sentence of one month's hard labour. His character gone, he is probably ruined for life. We do not excuse his offence; he, even, did not excuse himself, but the term of imprisonment imposed was sufficiently stiff for a first fault. At the same Court on that day, as we have indicated, was another case deserving attention. A dirty beast named Frank McLaughlin, mechanic, of Highfield Road, Barrow, was charged with indecently assaulting a little girl, six years old, in the public park. The man denied the offence, but the Chief Constable described it as, in his experience the most aggravated assault ever committed upon a child of that age. Yet the brute who was adjudged guilty of that was not sent to gaol. He was let off with a fine of £5. It was a startling decision. The man who failed to pay £11 into the till of his employers went neck and crop into prison. The creature that violated the innocence and soiled the purity of a baby girl was able to pull five pounds out of his pocket and march off scot-free. Things have come to a sorry pass in Barrow when money is regarded as sacred, while a tiny child may be disgustingly assaulted with comparative impunity. Such judicial exhibitions are particularly to be deplored just now, when the old ideas as to the sanctity of property are very much in the melting-pot.

THE TALE OF A SACK.

ALL THE WAY BY THE ROUNDABOUTS.

Doubtless the English railways will improve some day, if they change at all. Meanwhile, lots of funny things happen between where a train starts and the place where it stops. One of these funny things concern the adventures of a sack of corn which reached Mr. G. S. Davison, of Bury Street, Ruislip, a few days ago. It had been despatched from York nearly seven weeks previously, and bore the full postal address, with the addition, "Ruislip, Met. Rly." Arrived at the Great Western Station, Ruislip, one would have thought that had there been any objection to handing over goods directly from one station to the other, the most sensible course would have been to send to consignee the usual notice of removal, carriage having been paid at York. Instead, a new label was attached to the sack, which was sent on a thirty mile circular tour from Ruislip to Ruislip *via* Marylebone and Harrow. It can have been only the result of severe restraint that the Company did not send it on *via* Manchester, Sheffield, Philadelphia, Baghdad, Timbuctoo, Jerusalem, Jericho, and Upper Tooting. The marvel is that there was any corn left in the sack at the end of the journey; there would not have been but for the thoughtful official humourist, who, having noticed that rats had eaten through the sack bottom, stuffed the hole with paper previous to writing on the back of the original address label, "Please take me home as I am tired." Here endeth the tale of a sack.

A SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUM.

ON THE DATE FIXED FOR PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

Provided we had written to inquire of the following Celebrities, Notorieties and Nonentities their opinion as to the suitability of the date fixed for the Celebration of Peace, we should have expected to receive the following replies :—

* * * *

Excellent date! I understand that the Treaty will not even have been ratified by that time. Consequently, we shall be celebrating Peace before it is finally confirmed. Meantime, before the ratification takes place a sudden revolution in Germany may bring a Government into power that will refuse to endorse the Treaty and will tear it up. We shall then look supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the world. I am very pleased with the date fixed.—ROBERT SMILLIE.

* * * *

I am delighted with the date! It will be upon us before the brewers have time to put the promised increased supplies of better quality beer on the market, and consequently in many districts the Peace rejoicings will take the form of an enforced temperance demonstration. I am convinced that whoever fixed the date was inspired by cocoa, and am glad.—D'ABERNON.

* * * *

What pleases me most is that a Saturday has been selected. The stroke of midnight will automatically cut short those disgraceful orgies of dancing which I am expecting to see (and should be rather disappointed if I didn't), whereas on any other secular day of the week they would doubtless be carried on into the small hours of the following morning, which would be so-o-o wicked.—F. B. MEYER.

* * * *

When I think of the wretched fate of my former country, the land of my birth, I fail to see why we English people should indulge in any Celebrations at all.—DE LASZLO.

* * * *

A very excellent suggestion. It will enable the Peace Celebrations to take place before the world comes to an end.—WEBB-PEPLOE.

* * * *

Before expressing my opinion I must beg you to allow me time to consult a few spirits with whom I am in communication.—A. CONAN DOYLE.

* * * *

A rotten day! Why Saturday? It will only give us working chaps an extra half-holiday in the twelve months, after fighting for five years. Mean, I call it.—A WORKING MAN AND A DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

* * * *

It's the King's Proclamation, so it's good enough for me. God Save the King!—NEIL MCLEAN, M.P.

* * * *

Very pleased that a Saturday has been fixed. It will mean that my employees will only be able to waste half-a-day instead of a whole day, as I feared was intended.—A LARGE EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

* * * *

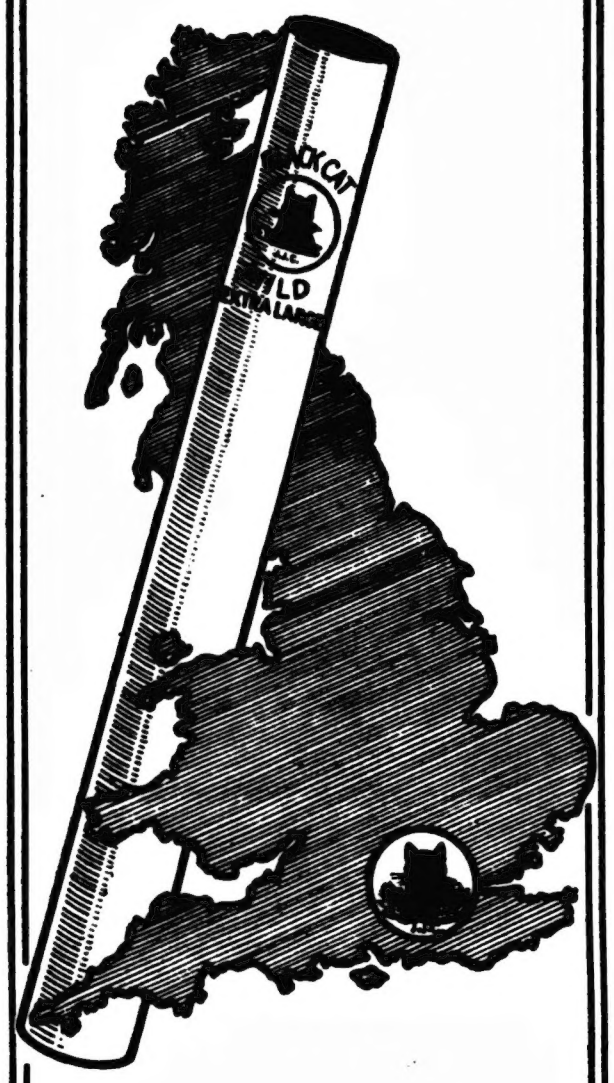
I do not think Saturday is a suitable day at all. How many participants in the rejoicings will be in a fit state in mind, body, and estate, to attend Church the following day? The churches are empty enough as things are. Why deplete them further?—W. R. INGE.

* * * *

I am appalled by the nearness of the date fixed. July 19th! How on earth shall I be able to find the time and inspiration to write the necessary and expected Ode to Peace?—ROBERT BRIDGES.

* * * *

Don't ask me! Instead of indulging in rejoicings we should wear sackcloth and pour ashes on our head in humiliation and repentance for having ground a noble nation in the dust.—PHILIP SNOWDEN.



"From Land's End to John o' Groats"

Black Cat
EXTRA LARGE
(Green Band)
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
are proclaimed the
HIGHEST QUALITY
and
BIGGEST VALUE.

10 for 5½d.

Black Cat—MEDIUM—10 for 4½d.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

NEIL MCLEAN, M.P.

Come in, me little man! 'As your mother sent you to 'ave your 'air cut? . . . Good 'eavens! I beg your pardon, sir! I 'ad no idea you was growed up, at first sight. That fuzzy top-knot o' yours makes you look a bit like that famous soap ad., "Bubbles." I'm sorry. I carn't say no fairer 'n that. . . Wot's that?—I'm *a dirty disrespeckful soap-slapper?* Now, you don't mean that, sir. You can see for yourself as I'm clean. You *won't stand disrespeckful treatment from no one—not if 'e wos the King of England?* Well, I admires your spirit, but are you sure you're consistent? Are you sure that you, 'oo demands sich a deal o' respeck from other people, gives them as much in return? I rather doubts it. There seems somethink a bit familiar to me about you. You've got a Lowland Scotch accent wot you could cut with a knife, for one thing. You're short, for another. You've got a sorter curly quiff on your 'ead for yet another. And—well, if you ain't Neil McLean, Hem Pee for Govan, I've backed a loser, that's all! . . .

* * * *

You're *proud to acknowledge it?* A mighty lot *you're* got to be proud of! An' you're the man wot demands so much respeck from other people. 'Ere, you're the insultin' Bolshevistic blighter wot wouldn't stand up w'en they sang "God Save the King" in the 'Ouse. Ha! *I've* placed yer! An' you 'ave the dam cheek to come into my saloon an' tell me I'm a dirty, disrespeckful soap-slapper! Go somew'eres else. I'm not out to incourage Bolshevics and revolutionaries. *I* knows wot your sentiments are. *I've* 'eard wot sorter speeches you've made on the Clydeside. You wouldn't 'ave bin in the 'Ouse to-day if it 'adn't 'ave been for a n'accident. You jest slipped in becos' the Coalition vote was split. But you took the oath of allegiance to the King, and you might at least respeck your own oath by actin' the gen'l'm'n towards 'is Majesty. But bein' a confessed Bolshie, I s'pose a n'oath aint nothink to you. That's the worst o' politicians o' your breed, you never know w'ere you've got 'em. Like the 'Uns, their oaths an' promises is only scraps o' paper.

* * * *

If you didn't intend showin' the King proper respeck, wot did you take the oath for? But there, p'r'aps it's jest as well you showed your true colours. We know w'ere we are now. W'y, even the Irish Sinn Feiners was more 'onest than you. Feelin' they couldn't show proper respeck to 'is Majesty an' Parlyment, they stopped away. But I s'pose you was very pleased with yourself as you set there on the bench w'en every gen'l'm'n in the 'Ouse was standin', eh? Thought you looked mighty dramatic, an' all that, no doubt. But you didn't. I'll tell you wot you looked like—you looked a silly dam'd ass. You looked like a miserable little midget amongst men. You ought not to attend the 'Ouse unless you know 'ow to be'ave yerself. And until you've learnt, you needn't come 'ere. So kindly shove orf, Mister Blooming Co-operative 'Olesaler, an' git somebody else to run the curlin'-tongs through your quiff. Ta-ta!

TALK, TALK, TALK.

THE PARLIAMENTARY "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

Talk! talk! talk!
Till the trickling windows swim;
Talk! talk! talk!
Till the lights in the hall wax dim;
Clause and section and line,
Line and section and clause;
Till on their benches they fall asleep,
And dream of making laws;
Amend, divide and report,
Report, divide and amend,
Till each section's a riddle, the Act a maze,
And a muddle from end to end

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S VICTORY BOND CLUB.

LAST DAYS FOR SECURING CHANCES IN THE BIG PRIZE DRAW.

Asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Bottomley whether the Government would remove the beer and railway restrictions if he guaranteed a subscription of £100.000,000 of Victory Bonds, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied:—"I expect my honourable friend to get me that amount in any event." Will our readers do their best to see that Mr. Chamberlain is not disappointed?

UNLESS the Chancellor of the Exchequer sees his way to accept the suggestion to extend the period of subscription to the Victory Loan over the date of the official Peace celebration, there are only a few days left in which readers may participate in the great Prize scheme of the Victory Bond Club which Mr. Bottomley has formed. As already explained, the shares are £1 each, *and every share has one chance in the draw.* All the money subscribed is to be invested in the purchase of Victory Bonds at £85 per £100, and it is proposed to pool the whole of the interest received from the Government in respect of such bonds, together with all bonuses paid on redemption of any bonds which may be successful in the annual official drawings, and thus constitute one great Prize Fund, to be drawn for annually by the members of the Club. There is no charge of any kind for management, the actual out-of-pocket expenses being deducted from the total prize fund, so that every member of the Club receives his money back intact when the bonds are paid off—or he is at liberty to withdraw his money in full at any time from the Club. Assuming that £1,000,000 worth of Bonds is taken up through the Club, that would mean an annual income, by way of interest, of £40,000, in addition to any bonuses drawn from the Government—less, of course, income tax which will be deducted from the interest; although it is hoped that this will be more than counterbalanced by bonuses drawn from bonds paid off. As fast as bonds are paid off the proceeds will be reinvested in the purchase of others on the market, so that the continuity of the prize fund may be maintained—the £40,000 being divided as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE.—50 per cent.—*or a minimum of* £20,000—being one-half of the £40,000 Interest, irrespective of the bonus on Government Drawings.

SECOND PRIZE.—10 per cent.—*or a minimum of* £4,000.

THIRD PRIZE.—5 per cent.—*or a minimum of* £2,000. And the balance of the Prize Fund, on the basis of £1,000,000 Stock, as follows:—

FIVE PRIZES OF £500 EACH.

TEN PRIZES OF £250 EACH.

TWENTY PRIZES OF £100 EACH.

FORTY PRIZES OF £50 EACH.

ONE THOUSAND PRIZES OF £5 EACH.

When a million pounds has been taken up by the Club, a fresh series with a fresh lot of prizes will be started. On the other hand, if less than £1,000,000 bonds is taken up—that is to say, if less than 850,000 shares in the Club are subscribed for (the price of the bonds, as already explained, being £85 per £100), the prizes will be reduced all round *pro rata.* It is a sound scheme, in which all subscribers get the security of the State for their money, with the chance, even with a £1 share, of drawing a huge prize. For the convenience of readers desirous of subscribing, a form is annexed—which should be cut out and forwarded without delay.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOINT NAMES.—Shares may be taken up in joint names of husband and wife, or of other relatives and friends.

WITHDRAWALS.—Shares may be withdrawn at any time, the member receiving the return of his capital in full.

CERTIFICATES.—Every member of the Club will hold a Certificate in respect of each share he subscribes for, and each of such certificates will be numbered and will have one chance in the annual draw.

EACH SERIES A MILLION NOMINAL.—Every £850,000 subscribed will command £1,000,000 of stock, and all subscriptions over £850,000 will go towards a further series of Prize Drawings.

INCOME TAX.—This will be deducted by the Government before interest is paid, but it is hoped that the Bonuses drawn will more than counteract this deduction.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

THE VICTORY BOND CLUB.

To THE SECRETARY, Victory Bond Club,
26, King Street,
St. James's, London, S.W.1.

Please allot me ..... Shares of £1 each in THE VICTORY BOND CLUB, for which I enclose the sum of £ .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE..... 1919.

(Please write distinctly and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, etc.)

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

OF course, the principal Parliamentary event of last week was the introduction of the two Bills for the purpose of giving effect to the Peace Treaty—prefaced by the ovation accorded to the Prime Minister on his return from Paris. I am afraid he is far from well, and I am glad to see that he has decided to take a short holiday. Possibly the second reading of these Bills—on which the real Peace discussion will take place—will stand over pending his return. At least, I hope so. As I say in another portion of this issue, there are several features of the Treaty which I do not altogether like, but I intend to concentrate my principal attention upon the reparation clauses—and, in conjunction with Col. Claude Lowther, who has worked so persistently with me in regard to this matter, I have tabled the following amendment: "That this House, whilst gratefully acknowledging the unsparing efforts of the Prime Minister in the cause of a just and honourable peace, and fully appreciating the difficulties with which he has had to contend, expresses its regret that the Treaty does not impose upon Germany definite and binding obligations to make good to Britain her total financial cost of the war." I anticipate that there will be a very interesting discussion on it.

I was successful on Friday in being able to move the second reading of my Public Defender Bill, which met with support from every part of the House, not a single member speaking against it. The Solicitor-General, however, had not finished his speech when the House rose, and consequently the debate stood adjourned. I gather that the Government does not see its way to support the Bill, mainly on the ground of expense. I hope, however, to procure the assent of the House to the measure in due course.

I am glad to say that my protest against the proposed appointment to the important post of Consul-General in Paris of Mr. Maxse, of Austrian blood, and who has served in the Prussian cavalry, has had the desired effect. He is now not likely to be sent.

Another respect in which my efforts have borne fruit is in the pending abolition of the Liquor Control Board. I shall, however, keep a very keen eye on the Commission which is to be set up in its place.

Considerable amusement was caused by my suggestion, apropos of the Kaiser's threat to commit suicide, that every facility should be afforded him for this purpose, "and thus secure an expeditious and inexpensive solution of one of the war problems."

Another matter of some importance to which I directed attention, was the fact of the Peace Treaty signed by Germany being in French—thus affording an opportunity to wriggle out of its provisions, on the ground that some of them were not fully understood. It appears that there is no official German text of the Treaty in existence! Surely a most remarkable state of things. And yet the House apparently failed to appreciate the significance of my point, and was rather disposed to treat the whole thing as somewhat of a joke. Amongst other matters, I called the attention of the Government to the escape of de Valera from Ireland, and elicited the important information that he was furnished with no official passport, and that the Irish executive had "no information whatever as to the circumstances in which he effected his escape." It appears, however, that the Extradition Treaty with America does not meet a case of this kind, and that consequently nothing further can apparently be done.

I am sorry that many other public engagements prevented my putting in many attendances at the Aliens Restriction Committee, but I am closely watching its proceedings and in any case shall hope to take an active part in the shaping of the measure when it comes before the House of Commons on Report. Amongst other things, I intend to move a new clause making every alien ineligible for sitting on a "British" jury. And I have personally had some experience of the pernicious working of this system.

The Courts-Martial Committee, of which I am a member, is now approaching the completion of its labours, and I hope its Report will be in the hands of the Secretary of State within a few days of the publication of this issue.

I have called the attention of the Postmaster-General to the circularising through the post by German and Austrian firms of British manufacturers, and am doing my best to see that our markets are not again flooded with goods "made in Germany."

The amazing experience of Victor Jones!

How in one evening I discovered the secret of a good memory, and in 6 months increased my business £20,000 by means of the ROTH Memory Course—the Popular Course at a Popular Price.

AS I look back on it to-day, I can hardly believe that it is only six short months since I first met David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, and learned from his course—in one evening—how to make my memory do wonderful things, which I never dreamed was possible.

That first meeting, which has meant so much to me since, was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club, where Mr. Roth gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting a newspaper account of a similar exhibition:

"Of the 150 members of the Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Members at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.

"Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences, and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different members to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.

"After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

It was just such a meeting that I attended when Mr. Roth started me on the "Road to Better Memory."

My progress in memory building since that time seems like one of those pleasant dreams about picking up basketfuls of money. You know the kind—when you lie still and try to stay asleep so you can keep on dreaming (and picking up money). But it *is* really all right for I have the *proof*. I can now go into a room with from 30 to 50 people, and one hour from being introduced to them—or a week or a month—recall their names instantly, almost again, wherever it may be or however unexpectedly I may run into them.

But I find I am not the only one who has had this strange and quite unbelievable experience.

Only yesterday I was sitting at the desk of Mr. Roth's publishers discussing some of the finer points in Mr. Roth's code for linking up numbers with names and business facts. When we had finished he showed me a letter from Mr. H. Q. Smith, manager of the Multigraph Company. He says:—

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory in a week and have a good Memory in six months."

"The gratifying and inspiring part of it is," continued the Publishers, "that they all say substantially the same thing. Here is a basket of 1,000 letters from Roth enthusiasts, received by us in the past 30 days—selected at random from the many thousands who have written in ordering the course. One man says: 'It can't be true!' and returns the course. The other 999 tell in glowing terms what the Roth method is doing for them, in many ways, and how quickly and delightfully they have mastered the big idea.

"A good composite of the general type of these letters is furnished by this letter received several months ago from C. Louis Allen, who at 33 became the head of the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher. You know the letter, but read it again. He says:

'Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions, and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

"I tell you, Mr. Jones, it is a great experience to read these letters that pour in every day from every corner of the land—especially when I think how simple this method is and how few people among those who need it so badly have imagined before that such a thing could exist."

* * *

All this was no surprise to me. In fact, it seemed rather "tame" compared to my own experience with the Roth Course—which was as follows:—

It sent me ahead in my business to a degree that I would not have believed possible. And all in *six* months!

I *know* it was the Roth Course that did it. I will take my oath on it. Because I cannot account for the change in my whole business life in any other way.

The cold fact is that my new grip on business came in the six short months from the time I took up the Roth Memory Course.

In that brief period—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by £20,000—and this in war-time, mind you, with anything but a "war bride," and with German drives sending cold shivers down the public spine and submarines knocking holes in business confidence and buying habits.

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight, and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead, and how to visualise conditions in more exact perspective, and how to remember things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater *power* in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's Course has endowed me with a new business *perspective*. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualisation, which after all is the true basis of business success.

Do you not think you can use this Roth Memory Course in *your* business? It doesn't cost a penny to try it out. I am willing to lay a large wager—right now—that if you will send for the course and spend *one evening* on that fascinating first lesson, they won't be able to get it back from you with a team of horses. And you will vote that 30s. (which I know you will send eventually) the best investment you ever made.

VICTOR JONES.

SEND NO MONEY.

So confident is the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, of the result, once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely write a postcard and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within three days after you receive it, and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so write now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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A MENACE TO

The Kaiser Should Not Come to London—My Co

By THE E

IT is not often that I agree with the *Daily News*, but I am heartily in accord with its brilliant Editor in his warning against the danger, the inexpediency, and the possible injustice of bringing the Kaiser to London.

That he should stand his trial, and—if convicted of responsibility for, or complicity in, the atrocious crimes of the war—suffer the full penalty of the law of God and man, is a proposition which there is no necessity to argue. I have always made it a plank in my own platform, and nothing will ever induce me to abandon it. But we must be fair and just, even to a Kaiser! I was speaking the other day in the Lobby of the House to a somewhat aggressive Under Secretary of State, who was emphatic in his claim that the fallen War Lord should be brought over here by detectives and placed in the dock of the Old Bailey, just as in the case of any ordinary criminal. But that is not the spirit in which a great and victorious nation acts towards a vanquished foe. There is ample *prima facie* evidence that the war and the methods of the war were the direct work of the Kaiser. We do not, however, hang people on *prima facie* evidence; and if the Trial is to be a moral example to the world for all time, we cannot be too scrupulously careful about its character. We should look rather foolish in the eyes of the world if, when asked to plead Guilty or Not Guilty, the prisoner replied that he declined to plead at all before a Court and a Jury, and in the presence of a public, constituting his chief accusers. He might, indeed, say that such a tribunal was a negation of every principle of justice—and I am wondering what answer the high-souled Mr. Wilson would make to such a protest.

Prime Minister's Astute Move.

No doubt, from the politicians' point of view, and according to the great game of politics as it is played, it was an astute move on the part of the Prime Minister to secure his dramatic surprise for the House. He is far and away the most skilful Parliamentarian of the day, and whenever in difficulty confounds his critics by carrying them off their legs. Thus at Easter, when the Coalition clouds were lowering and an ugly storm was threatening, he made his famous assault upon Lord Northcliffe; and now, conscious of much to explain away in the Peace Treaty, we find him keeping this Kaiser "stunt" up his sleeve, knowing full well that it would overshadow everything else. Just reflect for a moment how cunningly the whole *coup* was devised. The *venue* for the trial must obviously have been settled at the Paris Conference. It must have been known, therefore, to each of the Big Four; yet not one word escaped their lips. The bomb had to be kept for explosion in the House of Commons. It was magnificent—but it was not very praiseworthy. However, we are not concerned in these days with questions of Parliamentary strategy and tactics. We have to determine one of the gravest of problems which ever confronted the world; to put on trial—possibly for his life—the head of a great empire is no mean thing. Indeed, it is one of the big things of the world. Let us, therefore, do it cleanly and honourably. The atmosphere of London is not consistent with impartial justice. Nor is that of France.

A Menace to the Throne.

The Trial should take place in Switzerland or Holland, and by a Court composed of the principal jurists of all the great countries of the world—other, of course, then Germany. It should be a sombre, sober and solemn Court free from all theatrical trappings. I am not sure that an alternative plan would not be for the Court to meet on board some great ship outside territorial waters, but I *am* sure it should not sit in the country of any of the belligerents, and certainly not in London. I agree with the Editor of the *Daily News* when he says that "No one will pretend that the atmosphere of this country in regard to the ex-Kaiser is dispassionate and judicial. It would be a miracle if it were. The mind of this country has been made up about the Kaiser for five years, and the tongues neither of men nor of angels would change it. No court, however judicial, can be uninfluenced by a universal popular feeling of this sort." Let the Government take heed of this warning, and, now that Mr. Lloyd George has had the full benefit of his Parliamentary *coup*, do the right thing. There is, however, another and an even graver aspect of the question upon which I desire to lay emphasis. In these days no throne rests upon any very sound foundation. The war has seen the end of the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns—three dynasties which a few years ago would have been regarded as no less impregnable than the rock of Gibraltar. Happily for this country, the House of Windsor still endures, and I tremble to think what would have happened if it had gone under in the general crash. No standard of Continental rule can be applied to this old land. The Mother of Empires and the Mistress of the Seas, the symbol of Kingship—the institution of Constitutional Monarchy—is absolutely essential to our existence. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that, owing to circumstances entirely beyond his own control, King George and his House are unfortunately tainted with German blood. True, His Majesty has worked hard to eradicate the germ, and I write that which I know when I say that the past five years have been years of mental anguish to him and his family. Don't run away with the idea, my friends, that, in vulgar parlance, there's "any catch" in being King of England to-day. I have said before that, if the position were vacant, there would be very few applicants for it. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and doubly uneasy must it be when the wearer of it is harassed by the follies of blood relations abroad. Let it, however, always be remembered that it was the personal influence of King Edward which held the German menace in check for many a year, and secured us the inestimable boon of the *Entente Cordiale* with France. It was only when the restraining hand of that great monarch was removed that the Kaiser came out in his true colours and commenced to throw down his criminal challenge for world supremacy.

A Real Disservice to the Country.

And now, it is actually proposed to bring him over here and rudely accentuate the difficulties and embarrassments of the King, and place a mighty weapon in the hands of the Bolshevists and other advocates of anarchy and revolution. Cannot you imagine the kind of speeches which would be delivered by the orators of Hyde Park and Tower Hill whilst William of Hohenzollern, first cousin of the King, was in our midst? No, Mr. Lloyd George, I am sure you don't mean it, but if you persist in your present policy you will be doing a real disservice to your country. Indeed, you will be going a long way to undo much of your otherwise splendid war work. Perhaps I cannot do better than again quote the Editor of the *Daily News*, when he reminds us that the prisoner who is about to be brought to London for trial is the grandson of Queen Victoria—the son of a British Princess Royal and the cousin of the reigning monarch. "These are not obscure facts. They are the elementary facts of the situation, and it seems an act of extraordinary thoughtlessness that has raised the delicate and even painful complications which are involved in the trial of William Hohenzollern within musket-shot of Buckingham Palace." It is all very well to bring the Kaiser here, if we can, to satisfy public sentiment, but I am not so sure that the Man-in-the-Street would not be much more concerned with getting half-a-crown off the income tax And he knows that that trial, if it ever takes place, will mean but a dog's chance for the ordinary man of seeing the fallen idol. It will be a State trial, and admission will be canvassed for by all the highest in Society. I wonder at what price the tickets will change hands! Already there is a squabble as to who should represent Great Britain at the impeachment. Personally I should have thought there could be no question in the matter—it is clearly the duty and prerogative of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice.

A Possible and Sorry Farce.

But perhaps, after all, we are making a great deal of fuss about nothing. We were promised Indemnities "to the uttermost farthing." We haven't got a penny, and it doesn't look as though we ever shall. Now we are told that we are to have the Kaiser, not with "his head on a charger"; capital punishment is said to have been ruled out—which means that if you cannot condemn to death the prime instigator

THE THRONE.

Compact with the Premier—The Deadly Parallel.

EDITOR.

and director of the war, you cannot possibly make the lesser fry suffer the extreme penalty. And so I should not be at all surprised if the whole thing turns out a sorry farce. If William of Hohenzollern, who endorsed the verdict which led to the murder of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, is not to be subject to the death sentence, what of Von Tirpitz, who of course will plead that he was only carrying out the orders of the All Highest; and what of the "U" boat Commanders and the other murderers of women and children who were "acting on instructions"? I remember Mr. Asquith's promise, when he was in a position to make one, that the culprits "whatever their station" should be brought to the bar of Justice. Well, I should like to know who has already ruled out capital punishment, and why? If it is because there is still a lingering respect for kings, very well. That is all the more reason why the ex-Kaiser should not be brought to the country where monarchy is still held in affectionate esteem, to be tried by a court whose president will be one of His Majesty's Judges. I repeat I am all for hanging, drawing and quartering the Kaiser if it can do any good. I regard him as a worse criminal than Nero. I hold him directly responsible for the death of a million of our dearest, best and bravest, and if I could put a bullet in his base and polluted brain, I should die happy—as would many a bereaved and stricken mother and wife. But that does not alter my opinion. We don't want him here. Let him, I repeat, be tried on neutral territory, when you have got him, and don't give the elements of red revolution in this country—who are only awaiting the opportunity to decry the British throne and denounce the rights of monarchy as we know it and respect it—a chance of imposing their foul spell upon public opinion. Again, therefore, I appeal to the Prime Minister and to Parliament to reconsider the proposed policy.

Crushing Burden of Debt.

And now let us come down from high politics to sober questions of business. There are several features of the Peace Treaty to which I feel bound to take exception. I am, however, in no carping mood, and am content for the moment to concentrate my attention upon that part of the terms which relates to Germany's liability and responsibility for the cost of the war. It may seem to some a sordid topic in comparison with the lofty ideals with which we have been concerned of late. Believe me, however, there is as much true imagination, as the phrase goes, behind this question of payment of the bill as will be found in any other aspect or problem of the war. We did not send thousands upon thousands of our manhood to their graves in France and Flanders in order that their relatives and dependents should be saddled for a hundred years with a crushing burden of debt. The price we paid for the liberation of the world was paid in blood. The rest of the price must be paid in money, in work, in goods, in territory and in service on the part of the defeated enemy. This was one of the fundamental pledges given at the General Election—there is scarcely a member of the House of Commons to-day who is not committed to it up to the eyes. There is, however, an enervating atmosphere about the House of Commons, and it is gradually dulling the spirit of its members—with the result that, as I have already explained, they are too easily carried away by the dialectics and Parliamentary machinations of the Premier. Why he thinks it necessary to resort to them I really cannot understand. He has done so much good work that he can afford to rest upon his record. We are all prepared to forgive him where he has failed—knowing the almost insuperable difficulties with which he has had to contend. And I should like to see him big enough to admit his mistakes, rather than endeavouring to gloss them over by rhetorical and other devices. Now take this question of Indemnities. Let us see how far the pledges of the Election are being honoured by the terms of the Peace Treaty. It will be remembered that during his speech in the House of Commons last Easter, when he came over post haste to allay the unrest amongst his supporters, the Prime Minister invited "some enterprising journal," when the terms of the Treaty were made known, to place his promises and performances in parallel columns. I at once accepted the challenge, and I now propose to honour the compact, so far as this question of Indemnities is concerned. Let the following paragraphs, therefore, speak for themselves :—

First, as far as justice is concerned, we have an absolute right to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany. Second, *we propose to demand the whole cost of the war.* (Bristol, Dec., 1918.)	We have set out *certain categories of damage* which Germany has to repair—damage to property on land and sea, damage and loss of life amongst civilians, damage for the loss of shipping and cargoes; and also the damage which is represented by pensions and separation allowances. (House of Commons, July 3, 1919.)
When you come to the exacting of it, you must exact it in such a way that it does not do more harm to the country which receives it than the country which is paying. . . . *The Committee appointed by the British Cabinet believe it can be done.* (Bristol.) When Germany defeated France she made France pay. That is the principle which she herself established. . . Those who started the war must *pay to the uttermost farthing and we shall search her pockets for it.* (Newcastle, Nov., 1918.)	There is but one limit to the justice and the wisdom of the *reparation* we claim, and that is the limit of Germany's capacity to pay. The experts of the great Allied countries examined with very close attention that question, and they arrived with fair unanimity at the approximate limits of the reparation which could be recovered from Germany. . . . We have neither exceeded nor fallen short of their verdict. (House of Commons, July 3, 1919.)

It will be seen that "the whole cost of the war" is now whittled down to reparation for certain restricted classes of damage; that the promise "to demand the whole cost of the war" has gone by the board; that the advice of the Committee appointed by the British Cabinet, that "it can be done," has been thrown to the winds; that the "payment to the uttermost farthing" and the "searching of Germany's pockets for it" has been abandoned in deference to the view of the "experts of the great Allied countries," whose verdict has "never been exceeded." And yet, in the House of Commons speech last Easter, Mr. Lloyd George assured us that "so far from my coming here to ask for release from any pledge or promise given, I am here to say that all the outlines of Peace Terms which have been given to the country are incorporated in the demands which have been put forward by the Allies"!

To the Victors, the Spoils!

Of course, I am not unmindful of that verbal qualification about those "outlines"—I have called attention to it before. But the obvious intention of the Prime Minister was to lead the House to believe that he had succeeded in securing the fulfilment of all his election pledges. And that is my complaint. That he has to a large extent failed may not be his fault. All history shows us that whilst there may be complete unity of purpose and aim between allies whilst a war is on, as soon as peace comes to be discussed the old Adam manifests itself and "each for himself" becomes the order of the day. In this way the Premier has, I know, been confronted with many difficulties—chief of which has, of course, been the ever-present handicap of Mr. Wilson's overbearing personality and "ideals." Thank goodness, however, he is now back in America—where, I venture to predict, he will very soon be removed from the high horse which he has been so ostentatiously riding during the past six months. Even his precious League of Nations nostrum will be thrown on one side, and our wily and hustling cousins—discarding the mantle of self-righteousness in which their President has sat at the Peace Conference—will come out as shrewd business men, intent upon scooping the pool. Let *us*, therefore, also get a hustle on—and the first step in that direction should be to transfer the financial burden of the war to the shoulders of those who were responsible for it. That is why I have put down my amendment to the Peace Treaty Bill—and why, even if I have to walk through the Lobby alone, I shall press it to a division—however much the servile political Press may laugh. He laughs best who laughs last!

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

Let the Service Lads Share!

Why not a big demand on the part of the Press for soldiers' and sailors' "War Gratuities" and "Prize Money" to be paid immediately, to enable them to share in the pleasure of making the "Loan" a sure "Victory"; at the same time giving them the opportunity of making a few quid in a safe investment?—HENRY G. WARREN, Devonport.

(Certainly the Government cannot complain if ex-fighting men do not subscribe to the Loan, when they cannot get what is due to them.)

Counsel of Perfection.

To ensure fair play for the new Housing Bill the Government should exclude from all Committees entrusted with the administration of the Bill all those who own, or who are interested in, land available for building purposes, or who own, or who have any interest in, slum properties.—R. WILSON, Bee Hive Cottages, Broomhill.

(This would involve a searching enquiry into the private affairs of every Member of Parliament, although the result might be illuminating.)

Party Politics.

Peace suggests the danger of a revival of the old Party struggles in Parliament. When that assembly consists of free men, free to vote on any Bill, according, in their opinion, to its beneficial or other effect on the community, and not compelled to oppose it because an opponent introduced it, we may hope to see genuine business done. When members put the good of the country before that of their Party, they will have some claim to usefulness and honesty.—E. W. RELF, Derwent Road, Anerley.

(Let us hope that the Coalition compromise is simply the forerunner of the complete abolition of the obsolete and discredited Party system.)

To Whom Honour is Due.

At the official celebration of Peace the public enthusiasm will be for the soldiers' and sailors' victory of November, 1918, not the politicians' peace of June, 1919. What is the peace we are asked to celebrate? The Hun Fleet scuttled in our harbours through the politicians' ineptitude, the ex-Kaiser and his brood still unpunished and at large, a mythical League of Nations "made in America," and only a casual reference to Reparation and Indemnities! No official persuasion will make the average Man-in-the-Street wax enthusiastic over such a chronicle of blunders and folly.—GEORGE R. TATE, Junction Cottages, Felton, Northumberland.

(We are not at all sure that after all the 11th November should not be the annual Peace Day. It was then that Tommy and Jack whacked the Hun.)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Watson, the writer of the starred letter.

The Members' Masters?

Let every constituency throughout the country *compel* its Member of Parliament to keep them continuously in touch with his views on all matters of urgent importance, and demand from him the service in Parliament that he, as their *paid* representative, is supposed to give. He is there by virtue of their vote, and this fact should be forced upon him if he endeavours to treat with indifference the responsibilities he has voluntarily accepted.—E. W. BATTEN, Brixton Road, S.W.9.

(What about making each Member send a weekly report to his constituents through the local Press or otherwise?)

Cold Storage and Food Profiteering.

Cold Storage were of great service while the issue of the war was undecided and famine threatened. As at present constituted, supplies are released in such carefully regulated quantities as merely to keep up the present exorbitant prices and "rig the market" for the benefit of greedy profiteers. No perishable foodstuffs should be allowed to be artifically preserved for a longer period than, say, six months. While high prices reign for foodstuffs there will continue to be industrial unrest, with its attendant strikes and miseries.—JOHN WATSON, Canton Street, Everton Road, Liverpool.

(Yes, we are afraid the Food Controller is one of the few war-created officials whom we must not abolish at present.)

Try the Totalisator.

The Totalisator system of betting would prove a good source of revenue if the Government would give it a trial. They could open one office in each district of a town, and deduct, say, 10 per cent. of the takings, dividing the remainder between the winners, in proportion to stake. The backers would then be certain of getting a fair price, and it would also stop welshing. In fact, both the punter and Austen would be sure of "raking it in."—F. OSBORNE, Princes Street, Kettering.

(This is a Continental system which works fairly well with the "little man," but owners and others prefer to know exactly what prices they are getting about their horses.)

Put Them on Trial.

Much has been said about the trial of highly-placed Huns, but what about certain prominent public men in this country who are under strong suspicion as "friends of the Huns"; in short, traitors? They should be the first to welcome public enquiry into their actions and motives, both before and during the war.—S. H. MOYLE, St. George's Avenue, London, N.7.

(It would be rather difficult to frame an indictment which would be good in law, and perhaps the best tribunal for these men is the bar of public opinion.)

Two Methods—One Moral.

In France and Belgium, men and women drink in practically open bar rooms or at tables in gardens, parks and on the footpaths. A drunken man or woman is rarely seen. Here we have to drink behind closed doors, in evil smelling, hot, unhealthy bars. But no one sees what goes on—until the results tumble out. Which is the better way?—A. TURNER, A.I.F., Weymouth.

(There is now before Parliament an Improved Public House Bill, which is designed to remedy the existing state of affairs.)

Peace at Home.

Every class in the country seems to be asserting its "Rights," generally at the expense of some other class. Would it not be wise for us, now that Peace is signed, to cease these internal bickerings? Let miners and mine owners, dockers and shipping magnates, railway men and directors, cease their quarrels about each other's "Rights" and, instead, think of their Duties to each other and the nation, if Britain is indeed to be a land fit for heroes to dwell in."—JEAN B. TAYLOR, Templehurst, Grays.

(In other words, peace at home as well as with Germany—which is an essential condition of national prosperity.)

The Card Vote.

At the Southport Labour Conference, on the question of employing the strike as a political weapon to stop operations in Russia, a card vote resulted in a victory for the extremists. Union men, upon being told that their votes had supported this, were incredulous and indignant. *They did not know what the card voting system was!* The patriotic but too trusting working man should realise how, by "unrepresentative representation," he is made the catspaw of the wreckers. He will then clamour for the abolition of the pernicious system of card voting, by which he is unjustly proclaimed Bolshevik.—J. R. DYBLE, Graham Road, N.

(We have frequently exposed the fraud of the block system of voting, and insisted upon a referendum on all important questions.)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

A WORD FOR THE AMATEUR RIDER.

By "THE SQUIRE."

The amateur rider will be in for a show at the Bibury (Salisbury) Club and Lingfield meetings this week. I have oft-times wondered how it is that the Jockey Club does not do something to encourage amateur or gentleman riders. The latter phrase is the more popular with the Club member, especially at Lingfield, though personally the word "Corinthian" strikes me as being more appropriate. I know of hundreds of officers, who have been serving in the cavalry and other mounted regiments through the war, who are simply "dying" to display their prowess in the saddle. Why shouldn't they be given the opportunity? As pre-war conditions still govern these races, I presume the brothers Brown will be the "bumpers" to follow this week at Salisbury.

It might be for the good of the sport if more races were confined to the amateur.

COMPLETE SELECTIONS.

BIBURY CLUB (Salisbury)—WEDNESDAY.
Bibury Stakes—WALTZ.
Hurstbourne Stakes—*LONGSTOP.
Pembroke Plate—GIRVAN.
All Aged Plate—ORSAN.

BIBURY CLUB (Salisbury)—THURSDAY.
Champagne Stakes—LADY PEG.
Alington Plate—PRINCESS MORISKIA.
Downton Handicap—*SUMMER'S JOY.

PONTEFRACT—WEDNESDAY.
Welter Handicap—HAINTON BELLE.
West Riding Stakes—SPEAN BRIDGE.

PONTEFRACT—THURSDAY.
West Riding Handicap—*DAWN OF PEACE.
Park Hill Plate—BOUNDOVER.

HAYDOCK PARK—FRIDAY.
Great Central Handicap—RICH GIFT.
July Plate—EAGER AGNES COLT.
Makerfield Handicap—TALKATIVE.

HAYDOCK PARK—SATURDAY.
Old Newton Cup—LONGSLIP.
Willow Handicap—PARAGUA.
Warwick Plate—SPLENDID SPUR.

LINGFIELD PARK—FRIDAY.
Lingfield Park Stakes—MILTON.
Club Welter—*QUARTERLY.
Jack's Bridge Plate—MENTOR.
Summer Handicap—PRIORITY.

LINGFIELD PARK—SATURDAY.
Brambletye Handicap—HOLBORN.
Corinthian Plate—GAY LORD.
Great Foal Plate—*LADY PHOEBE.
Imberhorne Handicap—KING SOL.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HAPPY HOME" (recipe):—
"Make a nice CUSTARD with a good brand of MUSTARD POWDER."

"IRISH TIMES":—
"Lord and Lady Ffrench, who have been STAYING IN LONDON, have RETURNED TO ENGLAND."

ALFRED NOYES (poem in the *Daily Mail*):—
"The SILENCE of the dead was all I HEARD."

"SHEERNESS GUARDIAN" (advertisement):—
"PRESENTS FOR GENTS: Baby Dolls With Real Hair Who Go To Sleep. Dolls' Prams and Cradles. Painting and Rag Books. PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN: Best Brands of Cigars. Rubber-Lined Pouches. Safety Razors in Cases."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE":—
"Boxing. . . . Doyle KICKED his opponent out in the first round."

"BRANTFORD EXPOSITOR" (CANADA):—
"Mr. —— ——, ATTIRED IN ROBIN-EGG BLUE GEORGETTE, WAS BEST MAN."

"ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Lost and Found. Leather Purse . . . OWNER." can have contents on returning purse to ——."

"THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ME BACK."

By LANCE-CPL.

I walked into my old chief's room with very mixed feelings.

Four years in the Army plays havoc with a man's mind, and I am afraid that the self-confidence I once used to feel was not much in evidence. I had just been transferred to Z Reserve, and wanted to start work right away.

Four years ago when I had dropped the pen to take up the button stick, my chief had promised me that on my return my job would be open to me. But one or two visits to the office while on leave had rather unsettled me. "They" seemed to be doing very well without me, and nobody was actually bursting with an effusive welcome.

Perhaps I was not altogether surprised at the result of my interview with the chief. I was certainly nervous, and I floundered at questions. Indeed, the mind that had once been nimble did not acquit itself at all well. And the chief had a conveniently short memory for promises.

Anyway, to come to the brutal truth—*they wouldn't take me back.*

Self-Help versus Self-Pity.

Of course I was consumed with self-pity at first. I was filled with righteous wrath at the thought of the return I was getting for the endurance of the miseries of the past four years.

Then, later, I pulled myself up with a jerk so to speak, and looked at the problem of existence dispassionately.

I stripped the question of all sentiment, and developed a material mood. "This is a business proposition," I said to myself. "It isn't anybody's charity or gratitude I want. The question is what am I worth?" What I had to realise, and what thousands of other ex-Service men must realise, is that military service is the finest way of producing mental stagnation that has ever been invented.

I was four years behind the march of commerce—I was slow-thinking—I was feeble in making a decision—I was nervous—and, well, that was enough! Just there I stopped, appalled at this mental self-arraignment.

The Years of the Locust.

Four wasted years! It is a long time to have to make up—but I did it in just under three months!

First of all I decided that as my previous employer apparently didn't want me I would not go back to a clerk's stool at all.

I had always had a hankering after the life of a commercial traveller. It seemed to me that there was a lot more interest in the job of travelling the country tracking orders than that of chasing figures through ledgers.

The greatest difficulty was to get a start. With all my mental handicaps—legacies of the military machine—how could I hope to *sell my services* to a business, let alone *sell goods*, when I had obtained a job.

Why I turned to Pelmanism to help me solve the problem, it is difficult to say. Like, I assume, thousands of others. I had never realised the intense *personal* application of this great movement. I had never considered it in relation to my own difficulties. I suppose I must have laid hold of the enrolment form of Pelmanism just as the drowning man clutches the proverbial straw.

The Little Grey Books.

And I never, albeit unconsciously, did a wiser thing in my life. The first of the "Little Grey Books" broke down all my wonted indifference to mental matters. I began to realise that the mind *mattered*—that *my* mind mattered—that the man with the interesting and well-paid job wasn't holding it because he was born with a better brain than mine; but because his brain had been better developed than mine. And the first lesson of Pelmanism gave me the key to the whole business.

As I progressed in the course I became more and more regretful for not having taken it before.

My mind was undergoing a subtle change; so subtle, indeed, that it was only in flashes and inspired moments that I realised the immensity of the mental alteration that the lessons and exercises of Pelmanism were effecting.

Instead of rushing pell-mell in a chaotic mob through my mind my thoughts began, if I may be permitted the term, to "queue up." They became orderly; they were more responsive to my desires.

Naturally with this new command of my thought-faculties came a greater degree of self-confidence than I had ever before possessed. Also my perception became more acute. I began to look around me and register impressions, and that way I made up a lot of leeway. I came to a better knowledge of the differences that had come about in the civilian world while I had been in the Service—an all-important consideration.

I Got the Job.

One day, a few months after taking the course of Pelmanism, I happened to hear that a certain firm wanted a salesman to cover a very attractive part of the country.

I went hot-foot to their office, secured an interview, and asked for a chance to prove that I could be a profitable representative.

I was confident, cool, self-possessed. I was quick and definite in answering queries as to my ability and myself. I convinced the director who saw me, and despite the fact that I knew very little about the trade, I got the job.

I wouldn't even have dared to ask for the interview in the days before I Pelmanised.

Now I am doing very good business. I am earning a substantial income. And I am engaged in work of which every move is of interest. I like my work, or rather I like the interesting pastime by which I get my living—for work to the Pelmanised mind is not a mere humdrum struggle for a livelihood that lots of men make it.

About Yourself.

Pelmanism made all this possible because Pelmanism drove inertia and slackness from my mind, demonstrated to me how to think quickly, confidently, and logically, showed me how to use my senses, taught me how to think, how to *live*. That is the mission of Pelmanism.

A word to the many thousands of men who find that post-war life is not the bed of roses they, like I, had dreamed of in trench and tent and billet: Don't expect to get a good job out of gratitude for what you have done. Too many people have short memories for that to be possible in every case. Anyway, who wants charity?

Make yourself mentally efficient—let Pelmanism repair the ravages that the military machine has made upon your mind, and then go out and get what you will know you are worth. Pelmanism will never fail you—of that you can be certain.

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course on special terms, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of "John Bull" who applies to the Pelman Institute, 15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Send this Coupon or a Postcard to-day.

To the Pelman Institute,
15, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book, "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest Report, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take a complete Course of Pelmanism on special terms.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

All correspondence is confidential.

Last Days for the Big Prize Draw. See page 8.

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

BY OUR CITY EDITOR.

Here is a tabloid specimen of scores of letters that reach me: War Savings Certificates bought in France; receipt given to be sent to Post Office Savings Bank, Kensington, when the actual certificates were required. Letters dating back to March absolutely ignored, in spite of the fact that it is desired, owing to unforeseen circumstances, to realise the cash. Comptroller also appealed to without result—not even an acknowledgment of the application being forthcoming. It is enough to drive any ordinary being mad. The man whose statement I quote has fought and bled in France and Flanders, and the little bit he was able to accumulate was put into a War Loan to help the good cause to the extent of his ability. And when he has done that he finds himself up against a barbed red-tape entanglement of officialdom, which with all its thousands of clerks cannot extend the courtesy of a reply to several letters! It would apparently be hopeless to expect that the certificates should be forthcoming on demand.

That case can be multiplied by thousands. Every one of them is a walking advertisement against the Victory Loan and may influence scores of others. Cannot this kind of stupidity be stopped, now and for ever more? Heaven knows the staff employed seems big enough to deal with a million cases if need be. But all the time the nation's credit is being irretrievably damaged because the poor patient public can get neither ordinary courtesy nor justice.

Odhams Limited, are making an issue of shares. It has not been widely advertised because that was unnecessary. When I mention that Odhams are the printers of JOHN BULL, need I say any more? From what I hear the issue has been largely over subscribed.

I don't know quite what to say about the Northern Exploration Company, which is proposing to develop the mineral resources of Spitzbergen. It is a great scheme and its very boldness deserves to command success. At all events, the shares are an attractive gamble because the possibilities are immense. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the location is somewhat remote, the climate hostile for at least one-third of the year, and a big expenditure *in cash* essential before any tangible results can be obtained.

Fellows Magneto, Ltd., is making a bold bid to capture a trade which was almost exclusively German before the war. It has already established a first-rate reputation, and experts tell me that the British made article is equal if not superior to the Hun mechanism. All luck to it!

Liptons have the proud distinction of showing that on a much larger overturn their rate of profit last year was smaller than in the corresponding period. This at a time when profiteering has been rampant is a great achievement, for the temptations must have been great and resistance to them argues not only consideration for past and present customers but a sound policy for a secure future.

That progressive institution, Farrow's Bank, standing as it does outside of combines, is apparently determined to be in the thick of the City "boom," and has secured offices in Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, where it will specialise in Stock Exchange business. In the troublous days ahead of us, all additional financial facilities are very welcome.

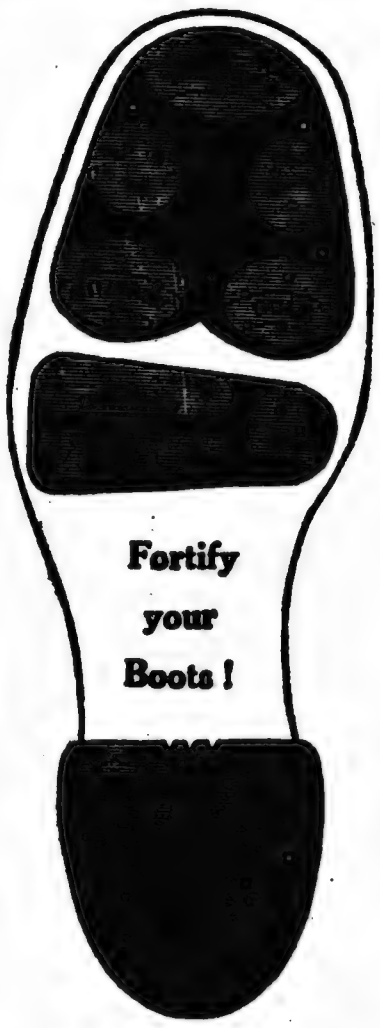
I am constantly being asked for information as to the position of Whitehead's Aircraft Co., and am taking steps to inform myself of the exact present situation, which I gather is not without complications.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. B. (Romford).—*Local Loans:* Price on April 28th 1917, was about 60½.——**K. L. (Leeds).**—*Gold Coast Consolidated:* Extremely speculative. No information about the other, and I would advise you to leave it alone.——**D. G. E. (Rhondda).**—*Irish Packing:* Having subscribed you are bound to pay the calls under penalty of distraint.——**M. A. L. (Leicester).**—*W. and A. Wilson:* Try to secure your profit, but I am not very sanguine.——**T. G. D. (Poplar).**—*London Standard Motor Omnibus:* The company disappeared long ago, and I have no records about its ultimate fate.——**J. P. F. (Camberwell).**—*Channel Coast, etc., Resorts:* The company collapsed, and I believe had practically no assets.——**A. M. (Henley).**—*Russian Roubles:* Keep for the present, as the value may improve when conditions settle down.——**C. J. (Worcester).**—*Paris Municipal Loan:* Under Treasury regulations you are not allowed to subscribe. Try the J.B. Victory Bond Club.——**S. J. G. (Edinburgh).**—*D. C. I., Ltd.:* Sorry, I have no information about the company.——**F. G. (Chatham).**—*Premier Omnibus:* The company has been wound up, and, so far as I recollect, no return could be made to the shareholders.——**A. W. A. (c.o. G.P.O.).**—*East Rand Orchards:* May be all right for people with local knowledge and experience; not otherwise.——**M. D. (Harrow Weald).**—*Brussels Bonds:* I do not think interest payments have yet been resumed; you must give them time to settle down. Write to the Syndic, Brussels.——**C. R. M. G. (Dulwich).**—*Assod. Rubber Mfrs.:* Took over the business of Almagam, Ltd.; prospects very doubtful; no market in the shares.——**F. B. M. (Portslade).**—*Arizona Celtic:* I think you must be mistaken, as I cannot trace the reference you mention.——**M. M. (Islington).**—*Balkis Consolidated:* Took over by Balkis, Ltd.; original shares now worthless.——**M. J. (Cummertrees).**—*Contract Consolidated Gold:* Thanks for information, but it does not help much.——**T. S. (Dublin).**—*Graham Marsh and Co.:* What a lucky fellow you must be!——**B. B. (Ashton Park).**—*Farrow's Bank:* I believe it is quite safe.——**"ANXIOUS ONE" (Pem. Dock).**—*Chaffers Gold:* Very speculative.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over).

"The Hidden Hand" Film is being exhibited this week at Larkhall, Picture House; Bo'ness, The Hippodrome; Blackburn, Victoria Hall; Walsall, Picture House; and next week at Glasgow, The Star, Garscube Road.



¶ Thin Rubber Plates, with raised studs, to be attached on ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

Phillips' 'Military'

SOLES AND HEELS

make one pair of boots last the time of three.

¶ They keep feet dry in wet weather, give a smooth, pleasant tread and do not slip. Excellent for general wear by men, women and children. Ideal for Golf.

Men's Stout - **5/6**
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COMPANY MEETINGS.

POWELL DUFFRYN STEAM COAL CO., LTD.

Mr. Shaw, K.C., on Danger of Nationalisation.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co., Ltd., was held on 2nd July, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. The notice stated that the chairman, Mr. Joseph Shaw, K.C., would "place before the shareholders his views on the Report of Mr. Justice Sankey and that of the Socialist members of the Coal Commission, and outline the disastrous results their recommendations, if adopted, will have not only upon the coal industry but also on the trade of the country."

The Secretary (Mr. H. R. Clarke) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having regard to the exceedingly critical times we are going through, the Board has thought it only fair to the shareholders to call them together to consider the position raised by the Reports of the Coal Industry Commission, especially by those of Mr. Justice Sankey and the Socialist members. There is no doubt, and I think the country at large is beginning to appreciate it, that these Reports raise questions upon which the whole well-being and financial stability of the country depends, and, more than that, the whole basis of our modern civilisation. I will therefore endeavour as shortly as I can to place before you some of the more salient points, and at the same time apologise for not doing more. As the subject is so vast, it is impossible to do justice to it in a short afternoon's speech.

Mr. Justice Sankey's First Report.

In the first instance I would like to refer to Mr. Justice Sankey's first report, in which he says in Paragraph 9: "Even upon the evidence already given, the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it, either nationalisation or a method of unification by national purchase and/or by joint control." At the same time he goes on to say in Paragraph 13, "No sufficient evidence has as yet been tendered, and no sufficient criticism has as yet been made, to show whether nationalisation or a method of unification by national purchase and/or joint control is best in the interests of the country and its export trade, the workers, and the owners." Surely these two paragraphs are not altogether consistent.

Upon what evidence has this Paragraph 9 got into his report? I fail to understand, because as far as I can see the only evidence that was before him at the date of that report was to show the utter inefficiency and incompetence of the Coal Controller's Department and the unsatisfactory state of the Shipping and Timber Control Departments. Further, of the 13 days of the first stage of the Commission the owners only got 2½ days! How could they be expected to state in that time their evidence on so complicated a matter as nationalisation even if they had been asked to do so, and how could any intelligent and unbiassed person pretend to give a verdict of any real value in that short space of time and on such scanty evidence? It is as well therefore for you to realise and for the whole of the public to realise at the outset, that the composition of the Coal Commission was peculiar. In fact, to anyone who had to give evidence before this Commission it was obvious that it was not a Commission seeking for information. It was composed, among others, of three miners' leaders and three Fabians, who were there for the purpose of pushing their pre-conceived theories, three of them on the lines of Karl Marx, three of them on the lines of the Fabian proposals. The six other gentlemen did do their best to elucidate as much information as in the limited time they could find, but so much time was wasted by irrelevancies and discussion of subjects which were not germane to the issues set by the Act of Parliament for the Commission to report on that it appears to me, and I think it must appear to the majority of the public, that the first two reports anyway are worthless.

Instead of standing condemned I will show you, ladies and gentlemen, what private enterprise has done in the coal trade. I will give you the figures of the increase of output from the whole Kingdom for the 40 years before the war: 1873—128,680,000 tons. 1913—287,430,000 tons, or an increase of over 123 per cent. In South Wales in the same period the output has increased from 16,180,000 tons in 1873 to 56,830,000 tons in 1913, or an increase of over 250 per cent. That has entirely been done by private enterprise, and I am convinced, from the experience that I have had of bureaucratic control during the war, aye and before, that, instead of a magnificent increase such as these figures show, the coal trade would have more or less stood still if it had been managed by the State.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

LIPTON LIMITED.

The twenty-first annual general meeting of Lipton, Limited, was held at Winchester House on June 30, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bt., chairman of the company, presiding.

Mr. C. Williamson Milne, deputy chairman, at the request of Sir Thomas, reviewed the accounts in detail, and explained that the increase in the firm's profits, which were now over £400,000 was in no way due to fortuitous circumstances connected with war conditions.

He stated that the stocks in trade, at cost or under, amounted to £1,349,500, being an increase of over a quarter of a million on last year's figures. This did not mean that the stocks were larger in volume, but the higher values of produce fully accounted for the increase.

The investments (including £125,000 of War Loan and War Bonds) and cash amounted together to £380,718, an increase of £61,735.

The amount written off for depreciation at £47,411 was greater than last year, and he was proud to say that the reserve account, by the allocation of a further £100,000, had now reached the substantial total of half a million sterling, a figure which ought to give great satisfaction to the shareholders.

After deducting Debenture interest and Preference dividends for the year, also the interim dividend of 5 per cent. paid on the Ordinary shares, there was a balance left of £242,669, the allocation of which would be dealt with by the chairman.

Sir Thomas Lipton then said that the business had further increased during the past year, and that notwithstanding the restrictive control measures which had been enforced during the year, the fact remained that the branch sales had substantially increased in a most gratifying manner, a circumstance which he ventured to say, testified in a very decided way to the excellent value and good service which was given by Liptons. Since the date of the armistice—a little over six months—the increase in trade alone had run into seven figures.

Sir Thomas reported that a large number of new branch shops had been secured throughout the United Kingdom, and these would be opened as quickly as possible. The cost of equipment and the provision of the extra stock to work them would require large capital expenditure, besides which extra warehouse and factory accommodation were necessary. To meet this Sir Thomas indicated that the directors had decided to make an issue of Debentures, full particulars of which would shortly be announced.

The reports and accounts were adopted.

TWIN SECRETS OF BEAUTY

BY the aid of oxygen conveyed in a handy form, the Ven-Yusa toilet preparations bring beauty and health to the skin and hair roots.

Refreshing, invigorating, and protective, Ven-Yusa Face Cream supplies a very real need during the hot summer days by keeping the skin youthful and velvety. Ven-Yusa Wet Shampoos impart lustre and life to the hair and sweeten and cleanse the scalp.

Prices: Ven-Yusa Face Cream 1/- per jar; Ven-Yusa Shampoos 3d. per powder, packet of 7 for 1/6. Of all chemists, stores, etc. Same prices from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

VEN-YUSA

Face Cream & Shampoos.

"Beautifully cool and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut Cigarettes
In Tins of 100 - 5/4
In Tins of 50 - 2/8

Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes
In card boxes 100-4/3
In card boxes 50-2/2½

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P. 782

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Absolutely indispensable to you. 50 times cheaper than Matches. 100 times more reliable. Lights Instantly. Simple, Safe, Sure, Clean, Handy.

Cannot Scorch, Burn or Injure. Lasts a Lifetime. Never out of Order. No Fire Danger. No Breaking Mantles.

Thousands sold at Model Homes Exhibition. Of all Ironmongers, Gas Companies, &c.

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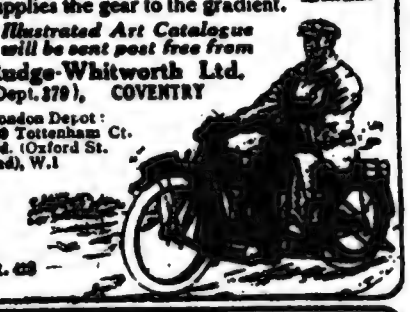

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Get your coat NOW before our present stocks run out. This offer cannot be repeated. You cannot get a better Raincoat from any retailer if you pay double the price.

Made in Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully check lined with belts and buckles.

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SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(DEPT. J), 59, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

One Pound May Bring You £20,000. See page 8.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 10th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Very Hungry:—The 18th Company, 6th Battalion M.G.C., at Belton Park Camp, complain that they are very hungry. They say that the food is disgraceful, that the three slices of bread per day which they receive are generally half mouldy, that the meat ration is always short, and that the portions of cabbage consist of stalks and outside leaves. Their most serious grievance is that no orderly officer ever asks for complaints.

A Hospital Grouse:—The patients in the Nell Lane Military Hospital, Manchester, are compelled to be indoors at 8.30 p.m., although other similar institutions in the area allow the men to be out until 10 p.m., according to Western Command instructions. This is a matter that must be remedied.

In Ireland, Too!:—As the Sinn Feiners in Ireland are always out to steal army rifles and ammunition, only the soundest men should be placed on guard. Nevertheless, we have the case of a private in the West Somerset Yeomanry in Longford who is deaf, and has been put under arrest awaiting trial because he protested that he was not fit for sentry duty. This is a case for the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

Cadging:—We remember having been called upon to comment concerning Lt.-Col. Frank W. Towle, of the N. and A. Canteen Board. Some time ago he was made a C.B.E., and is now knighted. The Manager of the Central Area has circularised the staffs asking them to raise a sum to commemorate this honour—a ward in a military hospital being suggested. Surely, however, this is a matter for Sir Frank personally—the under-paid staffs of the Canteen Board should not be bled.

Wangling the West Indians:—The white N.C.O.s and men of the West Indies Regiment who have done their share in the war are refused all the privileges of pay and extras granted to the Imperial troops simply because they have no depot in the United Kingdom. As a matter of fact, they have no depot anywhere, the institution having, in their case, been abolished five years ago. The result with the wives and families of the men left in Sierra Leone and elsewhere is pitiful. We leave it to Mr. Churchill to have this matter remedied.

"JACK."

Leave!—We are glad to learn that when the Naval Review takes place generous leave will be granted to the crews of the vessels. The boys deserve it, for all work and no play in the North Sea and the oceans of the world was calculated to make Jack a dull boy—assuming that our Jack could ever be dull.

Duped:—The crew of H.M.T. *Goeland II.* complain that they were rushed away from Dover to Liverpool on May 10th, with the assurance that they would be immediately demobilised. Up to date only four men have been discharged, and the skipper is away on indefinite leave. Like so many other crews, the men believe that they are being retained so that officers may keep their fat jobs.

Seems Queer:—Applications for the post of Captain Superintendent of H.M.S. *Worcester* were asked for some time ago, to reach headquarters not later than June 21st, but before that date the officer was appointed! It seems rather funny that the appointment should have been made before the applications were supposed to have been opened.

"Old Horse":—On the 14th of last month the stokers and seamen of H.M.P.S. *Duchess of Richmond*, operating off Embros Island, wrote to us stating that since the ship was commissioned in May they had had only one issue of fresh meat, that they had no food utensils, and had to drink out of jam tins. Another suggestion is that it would be well if the ship could be sunk for a week or two, as she has more than a full load of unofficial "passengers."

A Glaring Injustice:—The Maritime Board of the Ministry of Shipping has authorised the payment of a "special war risk bonus" of £3 monthly to the crews of chartered ships, retrospective as from 7th October last. On the 21st January, 1918, the s.s. *Cycle*, an Australian vessel, was requisitioned by the British Government, and since that date traded in the war zone as H.M.C.T. No. 2234, s.s. *Cycle*. For the insufficient reason that the vessel is an Australian one, the special bonus has been withheld from the crew. This we can only characterise as a mean and unworthy quibble. The men ran the same risks as any others, and were engaged in the Imperial Service.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

At Last:—The scale of pensions to all the partially disabled in our former wars are at last to be increased by a 20 per cent. bonus as from the 1st April last. Congratulations to our old heroes.

"Duggie's" Declaration:—The extremely strong opinions regarding the Pensions muddle expressed by Sir Douglas Haig, will be hailed with delight by all Badgers in receipt of pensions. He, above all men, knows what a grateful nation should give our disabled soldiers, and his declarations are bound to have great effect upon the decisions that will shortly be arrived at.

The Huns First:—We hear from Greenford, Middlesex, that a local farmer is employing Huns while ex-soldiers are walking about vainly looking for jobs; and we are not surprised to learn that the sight is obnoxious to a good-many local people.

Done Down:—According to the Discharged Soldiers' Handbook, a married man undergoing a course of training is entitled to an extra allowance not exceeding 7s. 6d. weekly. We have a letter signed by a number of men at Dewsbury in this position who have vainly applied to the Ministry of Pensions and to the local branch of the War Pensions Committee for the extra allowance. Perhaps the officials concerned will in six months' time yawn, wake up, and give the men a reply.

Dropping the Pilots:—We have commented on the unholy state of chaos in our "Record" Offices owing to the employment of inefficient female labour. No. 1 Infantry Record Office at Warley is now dismissing the ex-soldier clerks and keeping on the females and men who have never been in the combatant service. This is only symptomatic of a wide movement, and Parliament must remedy so legitimate a grievance.

Baker Street:—The people at the Baker Street Pensions Issue Office are very angry at our outspoken criticism of them. On the other hand, we are receiving letters from Post Office counter officials, telling us that they feel sad when they have to turn away hungry pensioners, whose books have not arrived owing to negligence in the Issue Office. Unfortunately, when the victims go to the supposed haven of help, the War Pensions Committee Office, they too frequently receive only insults for their pains. They then come to us, with better result.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Rather Hard:—An ex-soldier with a pension of 8s. 3d. cannot work, and has a wife and two children to keep.

Baby Dead:—A discharged soldier's wife has lost her baby. The poor woman was unable to work owing to the infant's illness.

A Widow's Troubles:—A widow with a small pension is not fit to work. She was behind with her rent, and the landlord had threatened her with eviction.

An S.O.S. Case:—The wife of a discharged man cannot work. She has just been under an operation and has five children to keep.

A Peck of Trouble:—A demobilised man asked for help to bury his father. The soldier's brother died a few weeks ago, when it was necessary to resort to the pawn-broker to raise the funeral expenses.

Abandoned:—A discharged man, whose wife has died, is not able to work owing to illness. He has a little boy of ten years. Without pension, he was behind with his rent.

Two Troubles:—A discharged soldier, pensionless, cannot work. His wife is about to be confined, and he asked for help to pay the doctor's fees and for nourishment.

Great Distress:—The widow of a soldier is on the usual pension. She has been unable to work for some weeks owing to illness, and was in debt to her landlord. Her child had died.

Cases in Brief:

The wife of a discharged soldier has seven children to look after. Her husband can do only casual work, and the family was naturally on very short commons.

An ex-"Tommy" is waiting to undergo an operation. He was in distress, and has a wife and four children.

The widow of a late time-serving soldier was without money, the sum due to him not having come through. With two delicate children, she is living with her poor aged parents.

A discharged man is not fit for work. His wife is ill, and a newly-born child has died. We buried it.

A poor old woman has lost her husband, a veteran soldier. Her only income is the separation allowance from a son who is serving.

A discharged man is out of employment. His wife has influenza, and the baby is very ill.

The widow of a serving soldier has the usual small pension, but a large family, and is ill. A child is also under the doctor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

"Persis and Ray," £3; E. B., 2s.; Anonymous, 10s.; "A Sparkhill Family," 7s. 6d.; Cpl. W. X. D., 2s.; H. E. (Paignton), 2s.; "A Regular Reader," 5s.; C. P. M. (H.M.S. *Oakley*), 2s. 6d.; A. G. L. (Southampton), 4s.; N.C.O.'s and Men, 9th G.H.Q., M.T. Reserve Coy., France (per A. G. A.), £2 10s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "Canadian Pilot," £1; F. E. T. (Treyford), 7s.; "One who has Come Through," 5s.; W. K. (Port Talbot), 5s.; Mrs. J. M. (Edinburgh), 2s.; T. H. (Gillingham), 2s. 6d.; J. W. (Northumberland), 1s.; Mrs. S. (Haslemere), 1s.; C. N. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; M. McK., 5s.; Mrs E. L. (Ilkley), 1s.; J. B. (Newbury), 2s. 6d.; A. W. B. (Camberley), 1s.; Mrs. C., 1s.; M. D. 1s.; Mr. McA., 1s.; S. K. (Winchester), 1s.; A. C. (Sunderland), 1s. 6d.; R. F. (New Southgate), 10s.; "Corporal, Buffs," 5s.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s. 6d.; T. N. (Doncaster), 5s. 8d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; W. M. (Greenock), 2s. 6d.; W. W. (Leith), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. (Wilts), 1s.; R. V. (Norwich), £2 2s.; A. R. (Seaforth), 2s. 6d.; per Pte. T. W. (Portland), 5s. 6d.; "A Few Cadre Men," 2s.; E. C. (Hove), 2s. 6d.; W. C. H., 1s.; E. B. E., 3s. 9d.; A. B. (Paisley), 1s. 6d.; Miss E. M. M., £1; C. H. S. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; E. R. (Accrington), 2s.; Mrs. L. C. (Eastbourne), £1; "In Memory of W. H. D. H.," 5s.; A. L. (Ince), 2s. 6d.; "Demobbed," 2s. 6d.; "Abracadabra," 1s.; F. G. E., £10; W. C. H. 1s.; T. M. (Mafeking), 1s. 6d.; C. F. G. (Perak), £1; "Chum," 2s. 6d.; "The Idiot," 5s.; "Huguenot," 10s.; "Interested," 5s.; "Half Winnings at the Poona Races, 1917," £1 13s. 6d.; H. A., £1; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; A. R., 4s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

YES or NO?

THERE are only two ways about it—either it will or it won't. We say it will, but we leave it to you to judge and decide. You are the one to say YES or NO. We send it to you to try—without costing you a penny. We send enough for one month, and if, after trying it, you say "No," that ends it. If you say "Yes," it means you have found new life, new strength, a new joy in living in a new state of health.

We want to send you a 4/6 packet of Vitæ-Ore *on trial* in this way. Could you wish for anything fairer? We know what wonders Vitæ-Ore works, and believe your verdict will be "Yes." We want it to be "Yes," but you are to be the judge. You are the one to say YES or NO. It is all left to you. When you have tried it, you will know why we can make such an offer. When it has cured you, you will bless the day you read this announcement.

An exception has to be made to this offer; that is, our inability to send a month's supply to those on Active Service. This is a regrettable necessity, but readers will understand that soldiers who are constantly on the move have not the facilities for carrying about a pint of solution which the packet of Vitæ-Ore makes; therefore a proper trial is out of the question.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Vitæ-Ore comes from a dried-up mineral spring, discovered by Professor Theo Noel. After analysis the Government has exempted it from Stamp Duty. It is sent out in powder form, and all you have to do is to add the powder to a pint of water, and take teaspoonful doses in water. It contains no harmful element whatever, and may be used by the most delicate. Acting as a general constitutional tonic, Vitæ-Ore reaches and benefits the entire system. It tones and builds up the whole body, and thereby enables it to rid itself of whatever is wrong. It is a natural remedy, and assists Nature to restore the body to vigorous and robust health. This is the aim and purpose of the best medical skill. *The Lancet*, the leading medical journal in the world, after actual tests with Vitæ-Ore, stated: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory."

The greatest triumphs of Vitæ-Ore have been among men and women with chronic ailments, who have tried remedy after remedy without lasting benefit, and for this reason, all chronic sufferers are invited to try Vitæ-Ore at our risk.

ALL FOR HEALTH.

If there is anything wrong with your kidneys, Vitæ-Ore helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your stomach, Vitæ-Ore cleanses and tones up the stomach—helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your nerves, your blood, your liver, your bowels, or your general system, the health-making ingredients in Vitæ-Ore get to work, and keep on working day after day, exerting always a definite action that produces the curative results desired. If you have Rheumatism, Vitæ-Ore helps to eliminate the uric acid from the system, while it restores tone to the kidneys, stomach and blood, thereby preventing a continuance of rheumatic poison, and putting new activity into muscles, nerves, and joints. Vitæ-Ore should be used by all women suffering from any female ailment, for its toning properties have been found especially valuable in such ailments. Vitæ-Ore should be used by all men and women whose bodies are not up to the full maximum of natural vigour, strength, and vitality, for its purpose is to restore the body to its fullest and healthiest efficiency.

WHY BE CRIPPLED BY BAD HEALTH?

Vitæ-Ore has cured thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver, and Bladder ailments, Female troubles, Bowel, Blood, and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, General Weakness, and Nervous Breakdown, etc., etc. Why not give it a chance to cure you?

Do not delay another day when a trial of this proven remedy is yours for the asking. Why keep on suffering when by filling in your name and address on the Coupon, and posting it to us, you can get a month's treatment of this great remedy which has restored thousands of people to good health? It costs you only a postage stamp, and you don't pay a penny unless it benefits you. The quicker you begin, the quicker you will derive the good results. Write at once, to Theo Noel Co., Ltd., Dept. 19, 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Use or copy out the following coupon:—

TRIAL COUPON.

To: Theo Noel Co., Ltd.,
Dept. 19, 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4:
I have read your offer of a 4/6 packet of Vitæ-Ore on 30 days' trial, and ask you to send me a packet by an early post. I will give it a fair trial, and will send you 4/6 promptly when I am sure it has benefited me. If it does not help me, I will write you, but will not pay one penny—and will owe you nothing. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever before used Vitæ-Ore.

Name.....

Address.....

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.....

Age.....

Help the Victory Loan!

Always there and always growing!

Savings Certificates help the Victory Loan.

The value of all Certificates sold during the period of the Loan will be included in the gross total.

FEW things can add so greatly to the happiness and contentment of your life as the knowledge that somewhere snug and safe, you have a little reserve of money on which, in emergencies, you can draw.

To the man (or woman) who spends the whole of his earnings as he receives them, the future is black and threatening.

On the other hand the man with "a bit put by"—the man who saves and adds, year by year, to his little reserve—can face the future confidently.

The SAFEST, most PRACTICAL, most PROFITABLE method of investing your savings is to buy **SAVINGS CERTIFICATES** regularly. Your money is "always there" and always growing.

This is how your original 15s. 6d. increases.

At the end of the 1st year it is worth	=	15/9	At the end of the 6th year it is worth	=	£1:1:0
" " 2nd year "	=	16/9	" " 7th year "	=	1:2:0
" " 3rd year "	=	17/9	" " 8th year "	=	1:3:0
" " 4th year "	=	18/9	" " 9th year "	=	1:4:0
" " 5th year "	=	£1:0:0	" " 10th year "	=	1:6:0

That is how one 15/6 Certificate grows. The increase is enormous. Take pencil and paper and work out other quantities for yourself! Can you afford not to buy Savings Certificates?

It is the simplest thing in the world to buy Savings Certificates. Any Savings Association, Official Agent, Bank or Money Order Post Office will sell them to you for cash, or you can buy them by Instalments by asking at any Post Office for 6d. Savings Stamps and a Savings Card on which to stick them.

One Pound May Procure You a Fortune. See page 8.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

J. R. C. (Buxton).—"Don't you think it is about time we found a Cabinet of men?" You seem to suggest that we have at present a Cabinet of old women!

D. R. B. (Tewkesbury).—We never sneer at temperance, but we've no patience with the teetotal fanatic who would enforce abstinence on men strong enough to take their drink in moderation. If everything capable of abuse was abolished, life would not be worth living.

G. H. W. (Ossett).—If you insist on loving Haldane we cannot help it. But you have our sympathy.

"ONE WHO HAS FOUGHT IN FRANCE."—"How can the conscience of a Conchy allow him to accept a War Bonus?" It's because he has no conscience.

M. H. (Queensland).—"Remove the cross of St. Patrick from the Union Jack, and substitute the Southern Cross." No. We think better of Ireland than that.

P. S. W. (Canterbury).—"At the present time there is a great amount of unrest in the country." Funny that you, as well as ourselves, should have noticed it.

A. K. (Hull).—The Editor has on more than one occasion sat in the Barber's Chair—not without profit to the Barber.

"DEMOBBED" (Denmark Hill, S.E.).—"I am a demobilised officer, but that is not my only crime—I cannot find work." Our bureaucrats are too busy making this a land fit for heroes to live in to spare time for such a trifling matter as the employment of the said heroes in the meantime.

"A WAAC IN FRANCE."—'As the gratuity on demobilisation of the Q.M.A.A.C. is insufficient to cover the cost of civilian clothing, what steps are going to be taken by the Government in the matter?" Goodness knows! But the weather is warm and fig trees in full leaf.

"READER" (London, E.C.).—"A pre-war postal service would give work to thousands of men and women." We pointed that out months ago.

"VIATOR" (Muswell Hill).—"Do our people realise what a pack of disloyal hounds exist in our midst?" Well, they must have read about the trade union Bolshevik resolution, at least.

G. R. P. (Teddington).—"There was no profit under the sun," said Ecclesiastes; but then he didn't sell things in the great war.

H. M. D. (Lytham).—"Can anyone find it in his heart to talk of monuments of stone being erected when thousands of little children want bread?" Certainly it is no use giving them a stone.

M. R. C. S. (Hoxton).—We agree that men, women, children and newspapers are the greatest nuisances in the world.

I. A. I. (Newcastle).—Powerful ecclesiastical influences are at work against marriage with a deceased husband's brother. That's the reason.

L. B. (Islington).—The best way to give the London girl all the opportunities she demands for swimming is the adoption of mixed bathing at all the baths.

"PERPETUAL READER" (Plaistow).—Suppose we ought to feel flattered that the *Durban Latest* publishes a column of "Candid Communications" signed by "John Bull's Pup"; but we can assure you the dog is not out of our kennels.

D. R. (Glasgow).—"Hands off Smillie, or I give you solemn warning I shall stop buying JOHN BULL." We can see you saving your bawbees by borrowing us.

H. P. (Bethnal Green).—In your "remarkable dream" you saw an airship carrying two water tanks and "making its own rain" over farmland. "Don't let America know," in case she pinches your dream? She's welcome!

R. P. H. (Walthamstow).—So you are "annoyed by your next-door neighbour." Lots of people are. You can afford to treat him with contempt, if you have done your duty and he has not. In any case, don't get into trouble over him—not worth it.

E. A. P.—Thanks, but we were already aware of the correct pronunciation of "margarine." We have handed the rest of your gratuitous lesson in elementary grammar to the office boy, who showed his appreciation in the usual way.

H. J. P. (Southend-on-Sea).—You have made a gallant attempt, but have utterly failed to justify your worthy Mayor's adjuration to fleece the visitors.

M. O'B. (Stratford).—"If I am A1 to fight, why am I not A1 to be a policeman?" Perhaps a higher health standard is demanded for gathering Britons in than for knocking Huns out.

M. G. (Islington).—Tut, tut! The word has nothing to do with Charles Dickens. Mrs. Page, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," says: "I can't tell what the dickens his name is." Nor has the reference to "Great Scot" in "Macbeth" any connection with the author of "Waverley."

L.-CPL. C. N. (A.I.F.).—"I've read your paper over two years and I know you don't like us much." Sadly afraid, Corporal, that you must have been reading us backwards or upside-down.

S. M. J. (Bradford).—Go right away and throw stones at yourself.

'INSURANCE" (London).—We note the directors of the Alliance Assurance Co. have proposed and carried increase of their own salaries. We hope they will now give a little more attention to the salaries of members of the staff returned from the war.

F. B. (Muttra, India) is hurt because a lady "ostentatiously moved away" at the pictures when shown to a seat in the midst of soldiers. Perhaps if only *one* had been there she would have cuddled closer.

"A BRICK" (Rotherham).—"Long live JOHN BULL." Our sentiments precisely.

"FOUR VERY INDIGNANT WAACS" (Nottingham).—The doggerel-poet of a Leicester paper who used the term "brazen-faced minxes" showed taste as bad as his verse. Wrong in the head and wrong in his (poetic) feet.

C. W. C. (Fulham, S.W.).—There is something queer about the report of agents touring the West of Ireland for the purpose of procuring labourers at £6 a week and perquisites for farm work in England and Scotland. Cultivators who paid such a wage for Hibernian labour would not be farmers, but fools.

"SHIRKER'S WIFE."—"Have the Military any authority over those who evaded when they were due to report for military service?" We hope so. "Are they free to return to their own country?" We hope not.

T. A. & H. A. (Norfolk).—There seems to be another version of that loafing story. H. A. never once applied for work at the farm, it is said, and went about with a runner dog while drawing 29s. a week unemployment money.

"BADGER" (Southport).—If Southport pier charges an extra fee for a disabled soldier's wheeled chair, it ought to be ashamed of itself.

"AN O. A. P."—"Strike a blow, John, for the O.A.P. and earn universal gratitude from poor, trembling people." As you read us every week, you must know we keep on striking. Watch for the next knock.

A. L. (Minehead).—There are still far too many alien waiters, but surely not many enemy aliens. Of this breed there should not be one left to tell the tale.

MRS. E. S. (Sparkhill).—You should not deal with a butcher who snatches the meat off the scale before you can see the weight. Ever heard of the grocer who said his thumb was the best weight in his shop?

"DEMOBBED" (Manchester).—A Ford car, in good running order, sold at Dar-es-Salaam, E. Africa, for 2s. 8d.! They seem to have a keen appreciation of the value of this make out there.

"FAIR WHACK" (Craigendoran).—We cannot visualise Mr. Havelock Wilson "turning a deaf ear" to any honest appeal on behalf of our brave merchant seamen.

J. S. D. (Brighton, age 14).—"Great God, we thank Thee for the thousands who have died, Full in the glory of living and their manhood pride, Great men who have fought and died on land and sea, Just for England's glory, just to keep her free." Have read worse.

"CANADIAN SOLDIER" (Seaford) was disgusted the other day to find himself being shaved in a Bishopsgate, E.C., saloon by a "foreigner" who avowed himself "a strong supporter of Bolshevism." Such people shouldn't be trusted with razors.

J. R. (W.C.1).—"I may say I believe in the rational limitation of accumulation of property." Whose? Yours, or the other fellow's?

SGT. D. A. F. (Kinmel Park).—Try a fall with the Editor of the paper which published the objectionable par. Every man to his own funeral.

P. H. (Windsor).—"What the workers want are good wages, pay for illness, and pension for old age." This is everybody's programme.

"ONE OF THEM" (E. Ham).—"The sources of unrest among the people are due to the high-handed methods of officials and the extortion of profiteers." Also to Government Ale and Waterworks Scotch.

"WALES."—Judging by your letter, you agents of the Pearl Insurance Company and Approved Society do not appear to have got the best of times nor an excessive amount of consideration from your employers.

W. P. (Ledbury).—We should rather like to see the local watchmaker who charged you 2d. for the loan of a key to put your watch right. His face should be an interesting study for physiognomists.

C. A. N. (Leicester).—"A regular reader for some years, I have never worried you with a letter before." Everybody succumbs at last, and it's no "worry." Write plainly and cut it short, and all are welcome!

G. H., D.C.M. (Rhyl).—None but a fool would blame all Canadians for the doings of some. A safe voyage home, and happy days to you!

"A REGULAR READER" (S.W.).—Three little children, labelled, sent by a Children's Aid Committee to High Wycombe, arrived 3.40, and were still on the platform, crying and unclaimed, at 6 o'clock. Shocking management, and a bad start for a holiday!

"NEWLY MARRIED" (Camberwell).—When you called after two rooms at 8s. 6d. a week, among the questions was, "Any children?" Some landladies are in a dreadful hurry.

W. W. (Aberdeen).—If the doctor cuts the kid's hair, without permission, it's a new way of playing the old game of Robbing the Barber.

"REGULAR READER" (Custom House).—"There are people wearing uniform who have no right at all to wear it." Some people, if they only wore what they have a right to, would be run in for indecent exposure.

"DISGUSTED: EX-SPECIAL" (Ilford) explains that though he had a Royal Parade ticket admitting bearer to "ex-Special Constables' Reserve, Constitutional Hill," there was "no special enclosure of any kind." The whole thing, he concludes, was a despicable hoax.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

**Peace on earth,
Goodwill to men—
Write it with a**

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (*July 12th, 1919.*)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Notice the pretty effect of the quartered panels and decorative influence nicely featured in the drawers. Good bevelled mirror and usual fitments complete this nice article.

Catesby Furniture

No. 510. Queen Anne style. Solid Mahogany Sideboard.

is meant for people who want good furniture, but not the extravagant or extraordinary. It is intended to provide charm, comfort and long service. It is destined to please you and beautify your home, despite the higher cost of making because of shortage of materials and labour. Catesby furniture presents the most useful selection of moderate cost, good furniture of the moment.

There is furniture for the middle class as well as for the artisan and mechanic. The variety is helpfully extensive. We gladly execute your orders on credit or cash discount terms, and Furniture Catalogue brings you the illustrated details you need to help you purchase satisfactorily by post or otherwise. It is post free.

CATESBYS, Ltd.
(Dept. 19),
Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

Mens Suits

WOULD you like on easy terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you for £6? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set 19), and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns, Book of Styles, and Measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit, we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash.

CATESBYS, LTD.
(Dept. 19). 64-67, Tottenham Court Rd.,
London, W.1

YOUR STAIRS NEED OUR CARPET

The brighter days show up your stairs, and, unless the carpet is nice, your hall and home cannot look their best or reward your cleaning efforts. Try a new stair carpet from us on Easy Terms, or we'll allow 2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash. Ask for Free pattern set No. 19.

CATESBYS Ltd.
Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

A SMALL DEPOSIT

will at once get you the CATESBYS CORK LINO you want for that kitchen, sitting-room or dining-room floor. If you prefer to pay cash we allow a discount of 2/ in the £. Write for patterns, prices, and sample pieces. Lino is sent carriage paid.

CATESBYS LTD.,
(Dept. 19), TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.1

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry, Appliances, etc.

EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

SUNDAY Any day MONDAY Tis the day TUESDAY to take WEDNESDAY Beecham's THURSDAY Pills FRIDAY SATURDAY

"Nothing Better than Hall's Wine"

The days of reconstruction are now at hand. We must not only repair the war time havoc to our nerves—we must brace ourselves for the extra demands on our energies in the future. Hall's Wine is the aid required. A patient writes: "My nerves were bad and I was terribly weak. On taking Hall's Wine I felt better. My recovery is entirely due to Hall's Wine, and I am now in the pink of condition. Thanks for such a remedy."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

Larger supplies of Hall's Wine are now available, and every effort is being made to meet the great public demand through our agents.

LARGE SIZE BOTTLE, 5/6

Of Wine Merchants & Grocers & Chemists with Wine Licences.

Proprietors:—STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.3.

953

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

(Prepaid, 13/4 per line, minimum 3 lines).

THE MOTHER'S GUIDE—A Most Valuable Work Free and Post Paid 6d.—W. Wood, Ladies' Medical Specialist, 20, Lou's Street, Leeds.

GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches and Jewellery for cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Commission, highest paid.—Apply Freeman, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

1000 BILLHEADS, 3s. 6d., Cards, Memos, Paper Bags for all Trades, cheapest in England. Samples free.—Forward Printers, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham.

WEEDS.—We kill weeds. Non-poisonous and safe to handle. Cheaper than hoeing. 1 cwt. 21s., ½ cwt. 11s.—Cleveland, 89, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

CYCLISTS! SAVE MONEY by purchasing at wholesale rates. Cycles, tyres, and accessories supplied at prices that defy competition. Write for huge, free catalogue. A valuable book of "Secret Recipes" will be sent whilst stock lasts to those enclosing four penny stamps. Moorhouse Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley, Lancs.

MODEL AEROPLANES.—Fly ½ mile circular flight 4s. Testimonials from all parts. Dept. J.B., Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Bristol.

BEST and CHEAPEST Wholesale Warehouse for Beginners, Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers Samples. Send for Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—4s. Saved. Buy Direct from our Northampton Factory. Send postcard for catalogue. Gents', Ladies' and Children's Boots.—John Emmet, Ltd., Dept. 7, Northampton.

FISHERMEN, ANGLERS.—My 16 Fish Bait Secrets win you first-class prizes. Price 2s. 6d. the lot.—Hoult, 258 Box 19, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

PEACE MEDALS, Enamelled Badges, for all purposes. Miniature Medals, Ribbon Bars, etc.—Write for full particulars to actual maker, W. O. Lewis, Howard Works, 37, Howard Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERERS should communicate with Mr. Miall, the Specialist for Christ's Hospital and other Public Schools.—209, Oxford Street, London, W.

THAT'S A NASTY JAG, old boy, but don't you worry! Well, why? "Mend-a-Tear" will put that right. No stitches, no trouble. Free sample for 1½d. stamped addressed envelope to LEICESTER RUBBER CO., LTD., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

PILLOW CASES.—PLAIN COTTON, SUPERIOR QUALITY, 20 by 30 ins., four for 6s. 9d.; PLAIN LINEN, BUTTONED, SUPERIOR QUALITY, 20 by 30 ins., four for 15s. 9d. Write for FREE BARGAIN LIST.—HUTTON'S, 195, LARNE, IRELAND.

FALLING HAIR.—Rosals tops it when Hair-restorers fail; 5s. bottles, post free.—Rosal Co., Dept. J., 126, Kithorne Road, London, N.19

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash *(maker's price £15 15 0)*.—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

"DEMOS" Fishing Gut will hold any Fish in European Waters. Coils 40 yards without a knot. Fine or Medium Trout, 2/6 Light or Medium Trout, 6/-.
Sample Size Card post free to any address in the world.
THE DEMOS COMPANY,
65 and 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.

George Robey, Esq. C.B.E.

writes:—"I hasten to tell you how much I enjoyed smoking your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes. I shall smoke them in future as I think they are excellent in every way."

R. Kennerley Rumford, Esq. writes:—"Many thanks for the 'De Reszke' Cigarettes. They are most excellent."

Frank Reynolds, Esq., R.I. writes:—"I think your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes very good indeed."

Robert Donald, Esq. writes:—"I consider the 'De Reszke' are the best American cigarettes on the market."

THE price of the best cigarette is such a trifle more than that of the mediocre kind, that it is surely worth paying the difference to obtain the extra satisfaction "De Reszkes" give.

De Reszke CIGARETTES
Sold at all Tobacconists, Stores, and Military Canteens.

CAMERAS

New and Second-hand.

Anything on approval. Newman and Guardia Cameras now in stock.

Send for our Monthly Mail-Order Catalogue.

Cameras bought or taken in exchange.

Prism Binoculars.

Wallace Heaton Ltd.

19, Change Alley, SHEFFIELD. 119, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.1

10 Holiday Prizes Value £12-12/- each

Consisting of return train fare and full board and residential expenses for one fortnight. The whole holiday expenses of each prize-winner will be paid, up to £12:12:0 (twelve guineas) in all, or, if preferred, a cheque for this amount will be sent in advance.

'Bullets' Holiday Prizes

£250

10 Week-End Prizes Value £6-6/- each

Consisting of return train fare and full board and residential expenses for the week-end. The whole holiday expenses of each prize-winner will be paid, up to £6:6:0 (six guineas) in all, or, if preferred, a cheque for this amount will be sent in advance.

- FIRST PRIZE -

2ND PRIZE £25

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

3,000 FREE 'TARGET' PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £15

☞ **Please note that next week's "Bullets" First Prize will be increased to £500.**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—GRUMBLING. Bullet:—MANY AT PEACE TERMS. Example:—TAKING YOU IN. Bullet:—PROFITEERS AT SEASIDE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 2nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 33.

THE VICTORY LOAN	AT THE SEASIDE	WHAT BOTTOMLEY WRITES	UP AGAINST IT
PEACE	FORGETTING HIMSELF	GIVING THEM BEST	BRITAIN'S SHARE
WHAT HAIG WANTS	MY WIFE'S LUGGAGE	POOR MAN	TELLING ANOTHER
SORRY	IDLING	TAKING YOU IN	WELL AWAY
WITHOUT A PENSION	GOVERNMENT PLUMS	HOLIDAY RUSH	HARD TO SWALLOW
THE IRISH	WHEN LOVERS QUARREL	GOOD AND BAD	MUST NOT BE
PLENTY OF BEER	SIMPLY SPLENDID	ALL SMILES	GRUMBLING
OUR BUSINESS	POPPING THE QUESTION	AMONG THE BATHERS	WEARY WILLIE

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 17th.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(338) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed ____
Address ____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 17th
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(338) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed ____
Address ____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 338 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 17th.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(338) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed ____
Address ____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 17th.
Example ____
Bullet ____
Example ____
Bullet ____
(338) P.O. No. ____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.
Signed ____
Address ____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 339.

HOW TO CELEBRATE PEACE	LOVE	NICE AND WARM	DEARLY BOUGHT
A CHEAP HOLIDAY	DISSATISFIED	SEASIDE PROFITEERS	GOOD FOR NOTHING
AT MERRY MARGATE	DEAR TO US	WEARING THE TROUSERS	NO PLACE FOR TOMMY
WITHOUT WORK	LATE AGAIN	LIKE BOTTOMLEY	WISH I COULD
HARD TO STRIKE	ASLEEP	PLEASES THE GIRLS	TEACHING HER SWIMMING

These Examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 24th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **339** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 339, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition 338.

Result of Competition No. 336 ("Bullets" £1,000 Holiday Offer) will be published in next week's issue.

Triumphant in War— Supreme in Peace!

use a 'John Bull' Pen

Standard Model 3/- | Safety Model 6/-
De Luxe ,, 4/- | Lever Self-filling Model 7/-

For Pen Coupon see page 18.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. ____ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

July 12, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 33, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this Insurance, first myself; or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Home Address .....

July 12 1919.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

Soothing as an Old time Melody

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Cork Tipped. Oval.

1/5 for 20

Also in boxes of 50 & 100

Spinet MIXTURE for the pipe 1/11 per 2 oz. Packet

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON.

'Butta' your bread with Elect-Butta made with Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

HOW TO MAKE ELECT-BUTTA.

Take half oz. (two teaspoonfuls) Rowntree's Elect Cocoa, two ozs. margarine, two ozs. fine granulated sugar. Beat the margarine until soft and creamy, gradually add the sugar and cocoa mixed together. Beat well until the mixture is quite smooth and creamy. If sugar is coarse dissolve in one table-spoonful of water before adding cocoa.

Milton Uses In The Month Of July.

HAY FEVER

Banish It With MILTON

Persons who are dreading the periodic return of this distressing complaint are meeting the trouble halfway. Meet it with a lighter heart—and MILTON.

MILTON gives instant relief—and cures. It is quick and simple to use. Just put ½ teaspoonful into a glass of tepid water—use any nasal spray or douche three times a day or oftener if desired. It works like magic.

Have MILTON ready now. It is indispensable in every home, every day. It is the most powerful purifying fluid in existence, yet absolutely safe. Saves you buying a dozen different preparations for use in the nursery, the kitchen - the bathroom - the garden.

MILTON Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.
64, Wellington St., Glasgow.
37, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Does 101 Things

Here are a few of them

Relieves Insect Bites
Kills obnoxious smells
Allays skin irritation
Destroys Vermin
Removes Stains
Cleanses fresh Vegetables
Purifies Food

The 101 uses are fully described in the Booklet which accompanies each Bottle. This Booklet is more useful in the house than a Dictionary.

1/3 & 2/6 Bottle

Your Dealer Sells It

Miltonise your Food

Meat, Poultry, Fish, Fruit, Vegetables, everything you eat will be made absolutely pure and safe by MILTON and more palatable.

It is simple and safe. Just add a tablespoonful of MILTON to each pint of water; wash the meats, etc., or soak the vegetables. The improvement is wonderful.

This habit is rapidly spreading amongst people who are particular about the cleanliness of their food, or who wish to avoid ptomaine poisoning. Try it yourself.

"The children simply clamour for BIRD'S Custard."

SO wrote a mother to us in the War days when there was not enough Bird's Custard to go round.

She had a mother's anxiety that her children should have only *BIRD'S*—the Pure Custard, knowing that it adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk. And milk was scarce and dear in those days!

Once again there is plenty of Bird's Custard for everybody, and the milk and fruit and sugar are daily becoming more abundant.

Therefore give the small boys and girls, the big sons and daughters, and the Fathers and Mothers too,

the golden treat

BIRD'S CUSTARD

with fruit or pudding.

It is a good rule to have Bird's Custard and fruit on warm days and Bird's Custard and pudding on cool days.

C319

Over a Thousand Cash Prizes. See page 8.

Delights of Summer Fruits.

NOTHING is more welcome on a summer's day than a delicious dish of luscious and seasonable fruit. The full flavour of the fruit and its cooling and health-giving properties are, however, increased two-fold by the addition of Freemans Custard—which is in itself delightfully appetising and nourishing.

With fresh strawberries Freemans Custard makes a pleasing course, equal, if not superior, to strawberries and cream. With other fresh fruits and with stewed fruits of all kinds, Freemans Custard "makes the dish."

MADE IN Delectaland where Pure Foods come from

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.
(Chairman—G. HAVINDEN),
Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products.
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, Eng. 1150

Freemans Custard

"IT, TOO, DID ITS BIT IN FRANCE."

Manufactured by

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., W.C.2

Paris: 26, Rue Bergère.

WONDERFUL LIQUID TONIC THAT MAKES YOUR HAIR GROW BEAUTIFUL.

"Like a Rare and Stimulating Wine to the Hair Roots."

Every Reader to enjoy Free "Harlene Hair Drill," including Gratis Harlene-for-the-Hair, "Uzon," Brilliantine, and "Cremex" Shampoo.

MUNIFICENT PUBLIC OFFER BY WORLD'S FOREMOST HAIR EXPERT

THE foremost Hair Specialist of the age wants everybody to realise that they can save their hair *now* and commence to grow it in the loveliest luxury and profusion free of charge, by means of a wonderful liquid tonic that acts almost like magic.

This sensational announcement is made by Mr. Edwards as part of his great National Campaign against Hair Poverty, Baldness, and Lack-Lustre. "This year," says Mr. Edwards, "will see the greatest business and social competition the country has known. No one who wishes to get on by personality and charm can afford to neglect their hair and to look old or ill-groomed. Beautiful hair is almost everything to a woman's appearance. Men, too, can look years younger by possessing crisp, healthy hair. Moreover, with a clean and healthy scalp you feel more energetic, more confident, more impressive. That is why I have decided to present absolutely free a full Week's Toilet Outfit for this purpose, including a bottle of 'Harlene'—the wonderful hair-grower about which everybody is talking—as well as a supply of other toilet requisites to every reader who sends the Coupon published below."

The postman will bring your Free Gift Parcel.

WHAT THE POSTMAN WILL BRING YOU.

Resolve to have beautiful enviable hair—hair that clusters caressingly in adorable waves and curls—the *distinctive* hair that only "Harlene" can endure and maintain in all its natural glory. Sit down then—now—and write your name and address on a sheet or slip of paper. Cut out and pin to the coupon below with 4d. stamps

Every Reader can secure beautiful hair to-day.

FREE GIFT. for postage and packing and the coupon to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., at the address printed on the coupon. By return of post you will receive:—

1. **A trial bottle of "Harlene"—the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.**
2. **A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo, the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."**
4. **A copy of the newly published "Hair Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.**

WHAT IS "HARLENE"?

Everybody has heard of this "Harlene." Hundreds of thousands practise the delightful two-minute "Harlene-Hair Drill" every morning and see their hair daily growing in new profusion, new lustre, and new brilliance.

"Harlene" is a rare and vital liquid which you apply to the hair-roots to revive them to new growth. In appearance it is liquid and clear—like a rich, matured, golden wine. It "glints" when you hold the bottle up to the light. If you pour a drop or two into your hands it feels refreshing and revivifying; you are conscious of its subtle, enticing scent—the perfume that creates an "atmosphere" as it were of personality and distinction. In use it is cleansing and invigorating. It makes your head feel clear and cool. You can scarcely credit that this delicately pleasing Liquid is so powerful in its effects on the hair-roots that it stops your hair falling out, causes a new growth to appear in bald places, revives the "tone" of the hair, and changes the "lankest" of locks into splendid, wavy tresses. But this really does happen, and you yourself can commence its use without cost. Simply use the Coupon below as directed, and the postman shall bring it to your door, together with a complete Week's Hair Toilet Outfit, including a delightful "Cremex" Shampoo and a bottle of the most refined "Uzon" Brilliantine.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

The Complete Outfit.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

John Bull, 12/7/19

NOTE TO READER.

Write your *full* name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, LTD.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.